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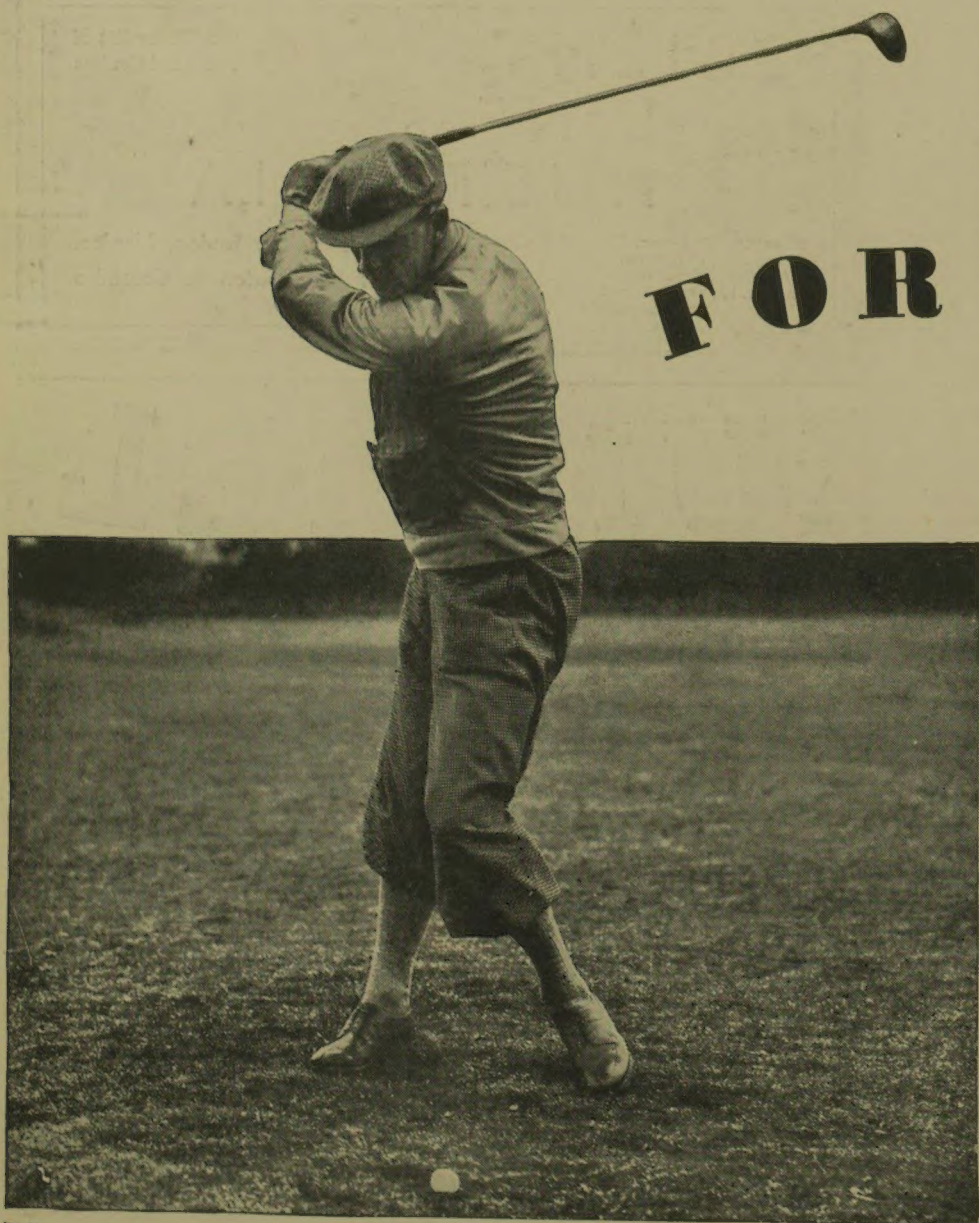
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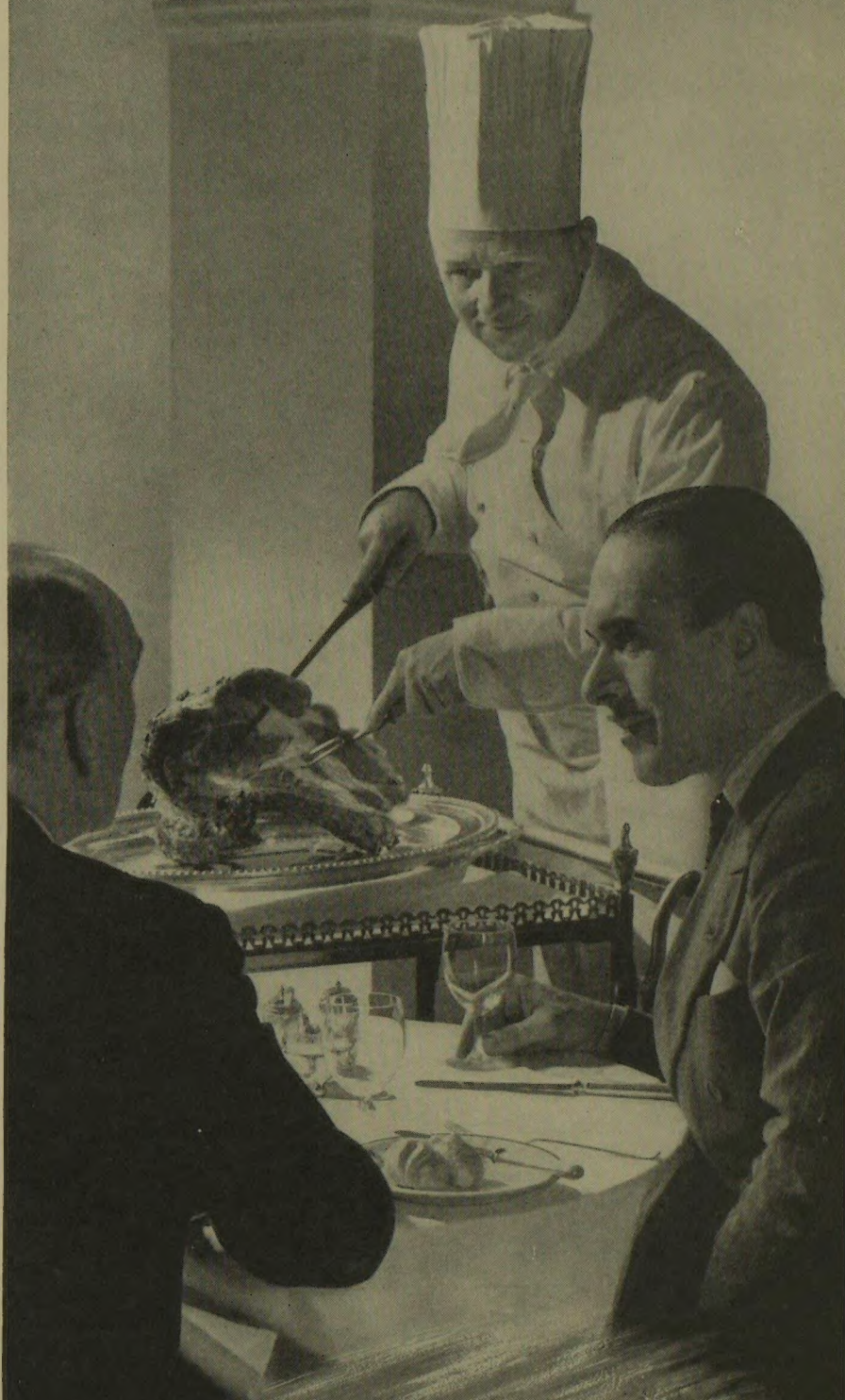
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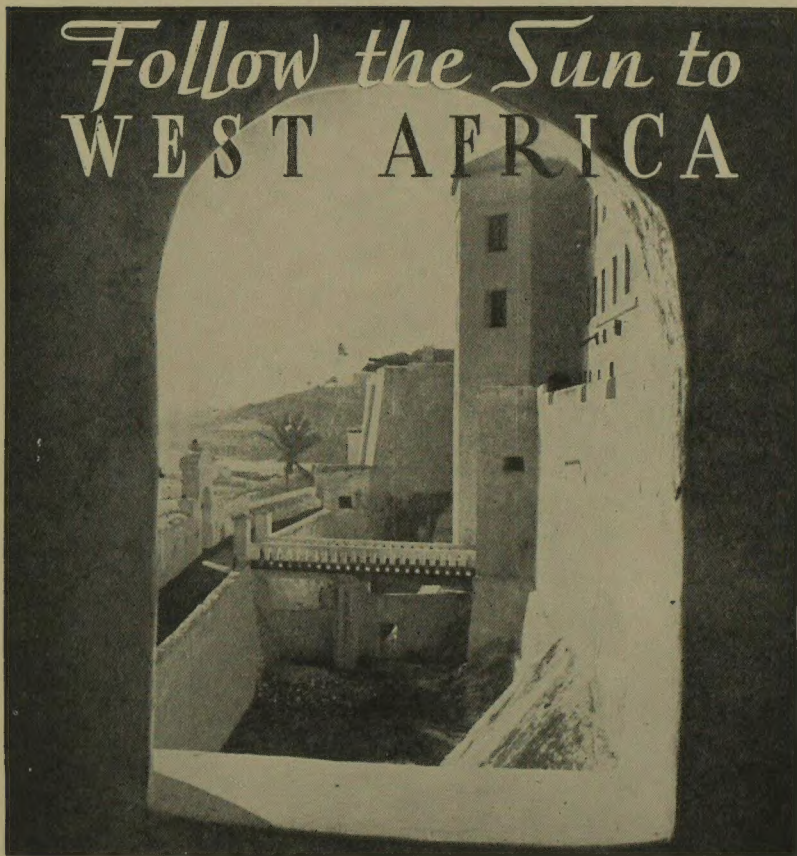
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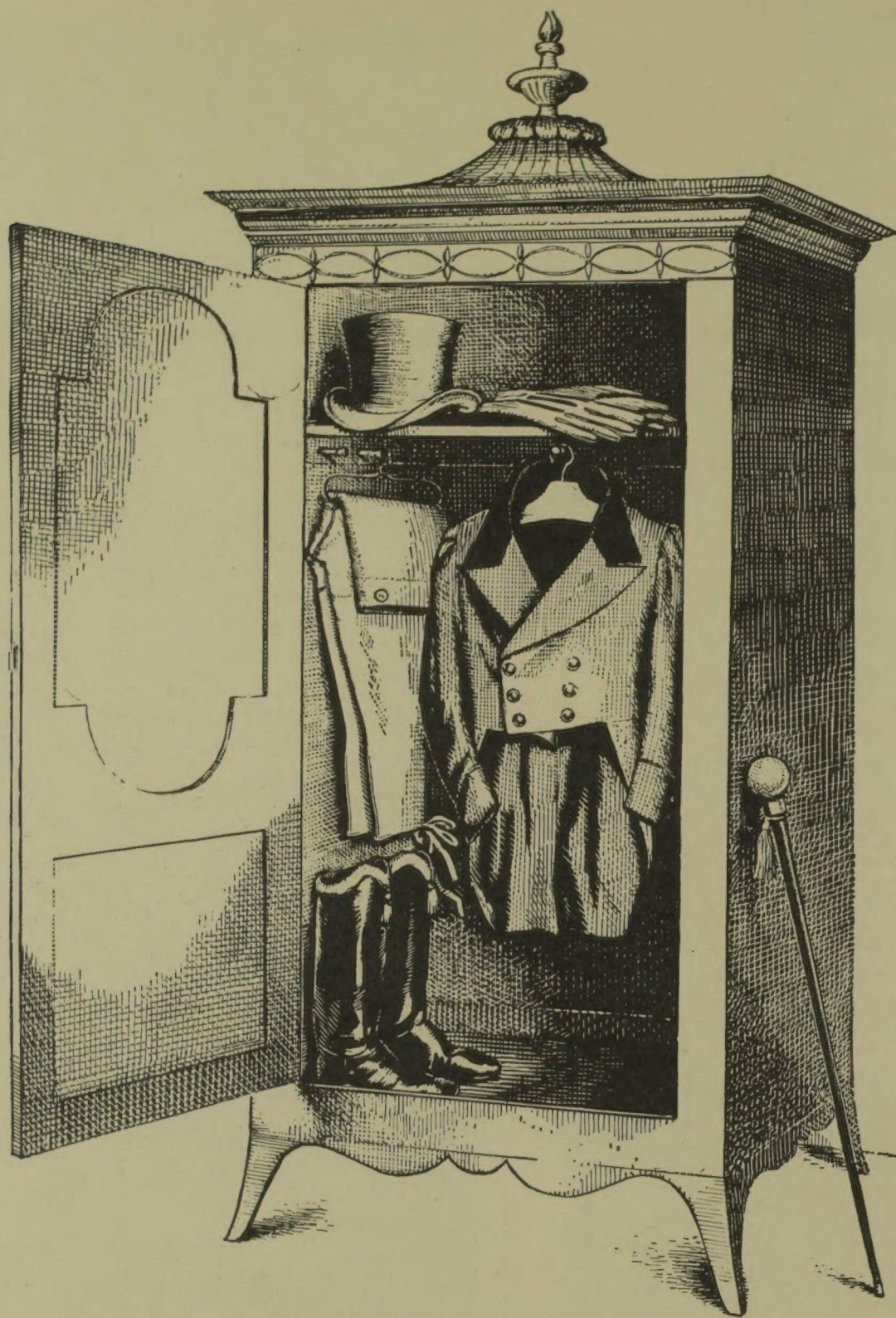


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SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1938.



**THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE U.S.S. "PANAY" AFTER JAPANESE BOMBERS HAD REDUCED HER TO A SINKING CONDITION: THE FIRST WOUNDED MAN ALREADY IN A BOAT AND OTHERS OF THE CREW ABANDONING SHIP.**

The Japanese attack on the "Panay"—a number of photographs of which are reproduced on pages 40 and 41 of this issue—aroused great indignation in America and provoked the U.S. Government to protest by means of a Note which was sharper in tone than any other such document for many years. The Japanese account of their investigations into the incident, as given to the United States Ambassador, blamed their Navy bombers. The Japanese officers, it was

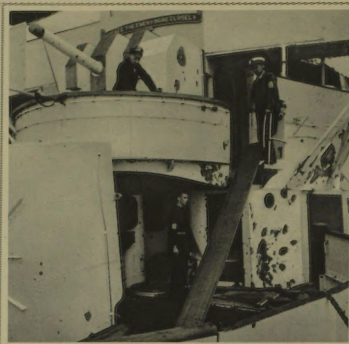
stated, did not recognise the "Panay" as an American vessel. The United States Government later accepted the Japanese assurances as "responsive," but they also said that they "relied on the findings of the Court of Inquiry of the U.S. Navy." The photograph given here was taken while the "Panay" was being abandoned. The first man into the boat, it is stated, was wounded in the abdomen and hence was unable to lie out straight.—[Wide World.]



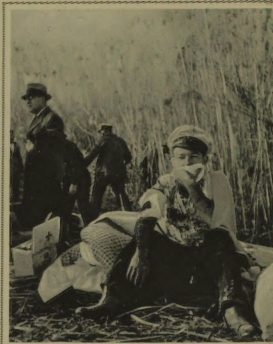
# JAPANESE OUTRAGES ON THE YANGTZE: THE U.S.S. "PANAY"



MR. J. HALL PAXTON, WHO SHOWED GREAT COURAGE DURING THE WANDERINGS OF THE "PANAY" SURVIVORS, ABOARD H.M.S. "LADYBIRD" AFTER THEIR RESCUE—WITH HIS DOG.



IN H.M.S. "LADYBIRD" AFTER SHE HAD BEEN SHELLED BY THE JAPANESE, AT WUHU, LEADING TO THE STRONGEST PROTEST FROM THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT TO TOKYO: THE EFFECTS OF CLOSE-RANGE ARTILLERY FIRE ON THE BRITISH GUNBOAT'S UPPER-WORKS.



"SURVIVORS OF THE BOMBED 'PANAY' IN THE MARSH: A GROUP WITH CHIEF QUARTERMASTER JOHN LANG IN THE FOREGROUND, WHOSE CHIN WAS SLASHED BY A SPLINTER AND WHOSE HANDS WERE BADLY CUT.



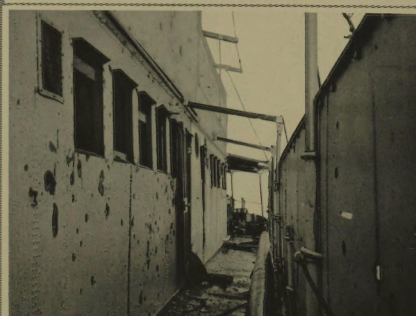
AN ITALIAN KILLED BY JAPANESE MACHINE-GUN BULLETS IN THE "PANAY" ATTACK: SIGNOR SANDRO SANDRI, THE JOURNALIST WHO WAS HIT IN THE ABDOMEN AND DIED AFTER TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF AGONY.



A HEROIC OFFICER OF THE "PANAY": LIEUT. ANDERS, WHO WROTE OUT THE ORDER TO ABANDON SHIP, WHEN HIS THROAT WAS SO BADLY INJURED HE COULD NOT SPEAK; AND BONES IN BOTH HIS HANDS FRACTURED.

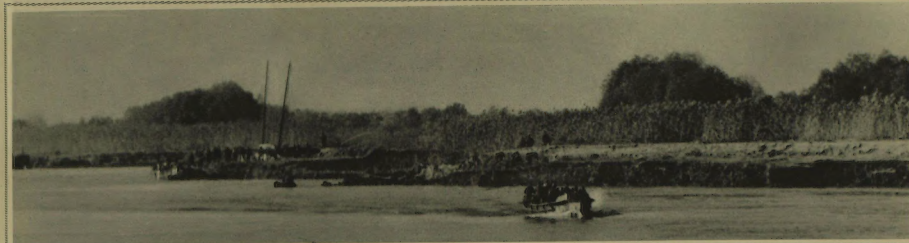


THE COMMANDER OF THE "PANAY," WHO WAS PUT HORS DE COMBAT BY THE FIRST BOMB: CAPT. HUGHES (WHO HAD HIS LEG BROKEN) HIDDEN AMONG THE REEDS IN THE SWAMP.



EFFECTS OF THE JAPANESE ATTACKS ON THE "PANAY," WHICH DROVE HER CREW TO ABANDON HER IN LESS THAN AN HOUR: PLAYING HIDE-AND-SEEK WITH BULLETS AND SPLINTERS.

# SINKING, SURVIVORS, AND THE SHELLED H.M.S. "LADYBIRD"



THE INCIDENT WHICH APPEARS TO INDICATE THAT THE LOCAL JAPANESE MILITARY AUTHORITIES KNEW ALL ABOUT THE "PANAY" SOME TIME BEFORE THE BOMBING: THE LAUNCH PUTTING OFF WITH A JAPANESE OFFICER, WHO WAS COURTEOUSLY GIVEN FULL PARTICULARS ABOUT THE VESSEL BY CAPT. HUGHES.



THE "PANAY" SINKING AFTER BEING BOMBED: A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH SHOWS HER FLAG STILL FLYING AT THE GAFF; WHAT ARE APPARENTLY THE STRIPES OF A SECOND FLAG STRETCHED OVER THE AWNING BELOW; AND THE FOREMAST, BROKEN BY THE FIRST BOMB.



THE LAST OF THE "PANAY": THE GUNBOAT HEELING OVER, 2½ HOURS AFTER THE BOMBING BEGAN, BEFORE FINALLY GOING UNDER; WITH SMOKING WRECKAGE ON THE FAR BANK OF THE YANGTZE—POSSIBLY ONE OF THE BOMBED AMERICAN TANKERS.

At 2.5 p.m. the order was given to abandon ship. Lieut. Anders, the chief executive officer, unable to speak because of a wound in the throat, wrote the order: "Leave the ship. Send the boats back. Stay near the shore. . . . The first boat to leave was machine-gunned half-way to the shore. . . . The survivors were landed on a desolate mudbank up which it was necessary to haul the wounded in order to get them out of danger." The gunboat sank at 3.54 p.m. The survivors on the bank pushed through the marsh in

freezing cold, carrying the wounded with them, to the nearest town. Mr. J. Hall Paxton, Second Secretary at the American Embassy at Nanking, hurried ahead, in spite of an injured leg, to warn the Chinese authorities. Later, the party made their way to the town of Hanshan, where the news that the British gunboat "Bee" had arrived reached them. They were taken on British and American gunboats (including the "Ladybird") and proceeded to Shanghai.—[Photographs by Wide World; except "Panay" sinking: "Times."]

The Japanese attack on the gunboat "Panay" aroused intense indignation in the United States, all the more so because of the group of correspondents and photographers who were in the vessel at the time and fully qualified to give the outrage the utmost publicity. The enormity of the Japanese action was heightened by the fact that the "Panay" had been previously stopped by a Japanese military patrol boat, and full details as to the "Panay's" status and intentions given to the officer in charge, thus,

presumably, removing any doubts of the local Japanese command about her. The following eye-witness description of the attack is based on that by Mr. C. M. McDonald, of "The Times." The first bomb dropped at 1.35. It wrecked the fore-part of the ship, broke Capt. Hughes' leg, and blackened his face with its blast. Getting to safety, Mr. McDonald "had a vivid picture of American sailors stripped to the waist, grimly firing at the oncoming aeroplanes which swooped lower over the vessel as she was steadily disabled. . . .





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

**R**ICH and poor, day and boarding school, secondary and primary (to use the jargon of the educationists), the children are home for the holidays. Just before they returned, I paid a visit to my old school to listen to the unison singing of the songs which are that institution's most original claim to fame. There must be nearly a hundred of such songs altogether, only a small fraction of which are sung at these terminal concerts, each year the final function and climax of the two winter terms. Most of them were written in the second half of the nineteenth century, the earliest being the product of two teachers of genius, the one a musician and the other a historian and poet who, by a happy chance, joined hands to give the great public school they served a legacy of enduring song. Their work was carried on by others, and the latest songs, written by distinguished sons of the school still living, tell of the lot of a boy in the twentieth century, when Press reporters, electric trains, and encircling villadom present complications to scholastic life unknown in more spacious and rural days.

Listening, there was much to stimulate mind and imagination. The school speech-room where the songs are sung is built in the shape of a Greek amphitheatre; the visitors, in tiers, sit facing and half-encircling the platform on which the instrumentalists are assembled: above these sit the singers in the black swallow-tails and upright white collars of the Victorian era. Over their heads, floating from each of the pillars that bear the burden of the hall, are the regimental banners of those who went out from the school to win the most coveted of all military distinctions—the cross for valour; I noticed before me the first ever won by an officer of the short-lived regiment in which I once served, and felt a thrill of illogical pride. Below the great organ (whose pipes I remember once choking with excess of air during a friend's music practice, much to our childish terror) are the blazoned arms of the most distinguished sons of the school. Everything was here to deepen the sense of tradition and of the worth of time and to awaken the spirit of emulation.

The sound of the fiddlers tuning their instruments—to my ears, one of the most exciting noises in the world—came to an end: the organ and the orchestra burst into ordered sound together, and the boys' voices joined in the opening strains of the first song. It was more than ten years since I had last heard it, and just a quarter of a century since, as a new boy in that place, I had attended my first terminal concert. I do not pretend that I was very happy at school: I was not, perhaps, the kind of boy who would be.

The return from the holidays was always a nightmare whose shadow still haunts my occasional dreams.

Yet I came to love my school, more, I fancy, than ever I did my College at Oxford, where I was infinitely happier. And analysing this curious idiosyncrasy of the mind, I believe that my love for the school was made and fostered largely by these songs. This was the more curious because I was not, in the accepted sense of the word, a musical boy. I was never able to pick out a note on any musical instrument; and was twenty before I discovered anything musically higher than Sullivan, and seventeen before I discovered even that. But then, as now, those songs, enshrining the life of a school where I had small wish at the time to be, made an enormous impression upon me. I think

each successive term of twelve or thirteen interminable weeks came this burst of song. Words and melody warmed my heart like fire; to this day I can scarcely hear them without a thrill of gratitude, absurdly close to tears, going out to the good and great men (for such they seemed and still seem to me to have been) who wrote them.

Something grander and nobler than the routine life around me or than my own selfish atomic needs and fears were suggested by these visitations of song: one realised as in a flash of vision in darkness the meaning of the life around one, its purpose and guiding unity. One knew oneself to be part of a tradition greater than oneself, that gave meaning, beauty and hope to all that one could do or endure. Finding my uncertain and unwilling feet in the material world, I was made conscious that the wall which divides it from that other world to which the heart of every dreamer aspires is, to those who will it so, only shoulder high—

Where does the song go  
While words fly,  
Somewhere along go,  
Somewhere die?  
Say, into far land  
Sound-waves flow,  
Lost in the star-land?  
No, no, no!  
Songs, where the  
thought was  
If aught true,  
If tender aught was,  
There hide too,  
Down in the chamber  
Hearts hold deep,  
Cradled in amber—  
So songs sleep!

The simple words, set to the music of one who for all his unassuming part as teacher was also a genius, were written for hobbledheys: yet how often has the rough, sensitive heart of boyhood reached forward to manhood and unconscious understanding of the poetry of this embattled world through their magic. And how, remaining, they link age with the hopes and dreams formed in youth!

When droops the  
boldest,  
When hope flies,  
When hearts are coldest,  
Dead songs rise;  
Young voices sound still,  
Bright thoughts  
thrive,  
Friends press around  
still—  
So songs live!

Perhaps to-day the æsthetic and religious principle inherent in all humanity—I do not use the word religious in its ecclesiastical and often, alas! but inevitably, narrow sense—is better catered for in the scholastic curriculum than it was when I was a boy. There are signs that this is so. But of this I am sure, that such a legacy of transmitted poetry and music, interpreting the daily round of familiar school life and through it of the wider life to be, is something not lightly to be discarded. It is an educational factor beyond the measure of examinations, text-books, and educational conferences. I hope I shall be forgiven this page of personal reminiscence in recording what it did for one small boy and for the larger human animal into which he has grown.



A NEW ART TREASURE FOR THE NATION: "THE ABBÉ SCAGLIA ADORING THE VIRGIN AND CHILD"; BY VAN DYCK (1599-1641)—PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY BY MR. ANTHONY DE ROTHSCHILD.

Mr. Anthony de Rothschild has presented this important work by Van Dyck to the National Gallery in memory of his great-aunt, Louisa, Lady de Rothschild, and her daughter, Constance, Lady Battersea. The picture has not been publicly exhibited since it appeared at Burlington House in 1900, and is of exceptional interest. It was probably painted during Van Dyck's visit to Brussels in 1634, and is one of his few works at that time devoid of studio accessories. The Abbé Scaglia, who is also the subject of Van Dyck's great portrait lent by Lord Camrose to the Seventeenth-Century Art Exhibition at the Royal Academy, was a famous diplomat in his day. It is traditionally believed that the models for the Virgin and Child were the Duchess of Arenberg and her son. Apart from the Abbé's attitude of adoration, the work has all the characteristics of the painter's secular portraiture.

By Courtesy of the Trustees of the National Gallery.

it was because in a world where there was little room for beauty, they alone were concerned solely with beauty—beauty not perhaps of outward form, but beauty of character and ideal, of loyalty, love of friends and wonted place, and of a nameless but understood chivalry.

And I see now that my unhappiness at school was not due to being bullied, for I was not bullied, nor even to my longing for my own home, which was considerable although only temporarily painful, but to a certain aridity and absence of colour and light and consequent inspiration that were then, and possibly still are, the inevitable concomitants of public-school life. And then in the midst of that drab and barrack-like wilderness of



# THE MUCH-DISCUSSED ART OF GIORGIONE: A NEW GERMAN DISCOVERY.

BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR ZWARZENSKI, LATELY DIRECTOR OF THE STÄDEL MUSEUM, FRANKFURT-ON-MAIN.



BEFORE CLEANING: FRANKFURT'S "ROMULUS AND REMUS," RECENTLY BOUGHT FOR ABOUT £125 FROM A BERLIN ART DEALER AND SINCE PRONOUNCED A WORK OF GIORGIONE (C. 1477-8-1510), AS IT APPEARED WHEN ACQUIRED, SHOWING EXTENSIVE OVERPAINTING THAT PRODUCED A HEAVY EFFECT AND MODERNIZED THE FIGURES' HEADS.



AFTER CLEANING: THE SAME PICTURE WITH OVERPAINTING REMOVED, THUS BRINGING OUT THE BEAUTY OF THE ORIGINAL WORK AND PREPARATORY DRAWING, AND REVEALING DETAILS OBLITERATED—E.G., THE CHILDREN IN THE WATER, AND A REACH OF THE RIVER (MIDDLE DISTANCE) WHICH HAD BEEN CHANGED INTO A MEADOW.

The discovery here illustrated has aroused great interest in art circles, particularly because of the current controversy over the panels bought a few months ago by the National Gallery for £14,000 as the work of Giorgione, but since denied to him by certain experts, and ascribed by some to Andrea Previtali. He was a minor artist, and the cost of a work by him would be, it is said, only about £200. The four panels were reproduced in colour in our issue of October 23 last. Regarding the picture shown above, it was stated on December 31 that this work had lately been bought by the Städel Museum in Frankfurt from a Berlin art dealer for the alleged sum of about £125; that it had subsequently come to be regarded as a valuable early work by Giorgione; and that the dealer had gone to Frankfurt in order to seek a revision of the terms. The painting represents a Giorgionean landscape of the early sixteenth century. After it had been cleaned, the Director of the Museum, Professor Zwarzenski

(since retired), who found and bought the picture, decided that it was a Giorgione, and his view is supported by several authorities. In a letter to us sending the photographs, at our request, and pointing out the differences in the picture before and after cleaning, he writes: "Through the overpainting [of nearly the whole surface] the impression was heavy and dark and the handiwork without fineness, while the colouring lacked beauty of tone and clear light. Details altered by the overpainting were—a great part of the river (in the middle distance) changed into a meadow with dark impossible shadows; the children in the water had disappeared; and the heads were quite modern. Some of these heads and the children were originally unfinished. After removing the overpainting we found the original and beautiful preparatory drawing." Giorgione died at Venice, of the plague, at the early age of 33. Only a few undisputed examples of his art survive.



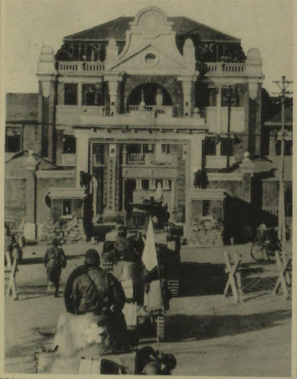
# THE FALL OF NANKING: THE FIGHTING BEFORE THE CITY AND AT THE GATES, GENERAL MATSUI'S FORMAL ENTRY.



THE VICTORIOUS JAPANESE AT NANKING: A DETACHMENT ON TOP OF A WALL WHOSE BRICK CASING HAS BEEN SHATTERED BY INTENSIVE BOMBARDMENT. *Wide World.*



AT ONE OF THE SOUTHERN GATES OF THE CITY: JAPANESE TANKS WAITING TO ENTER, UNDER A HEAVY CLOUD OF SMOKE. *Associated Press.*



THE JAPANESE TRIUMPH IN NANKING: LIGHT TANKS DRAWN UP IN FRONT OF THE CHINESE MILITARY ACADEMY BUILDING. *(Associated Press.)*



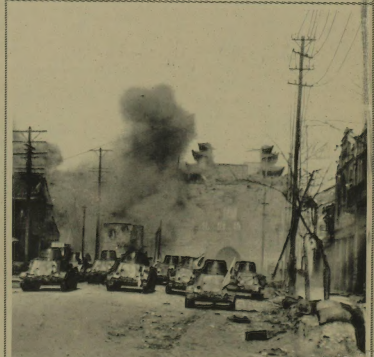
HOISTING THE JAPANESE FLAG IN NANKING: THE SCENE AT THE CENTRAL GOVERNMENT BUILDING. *(Associated Press.)*



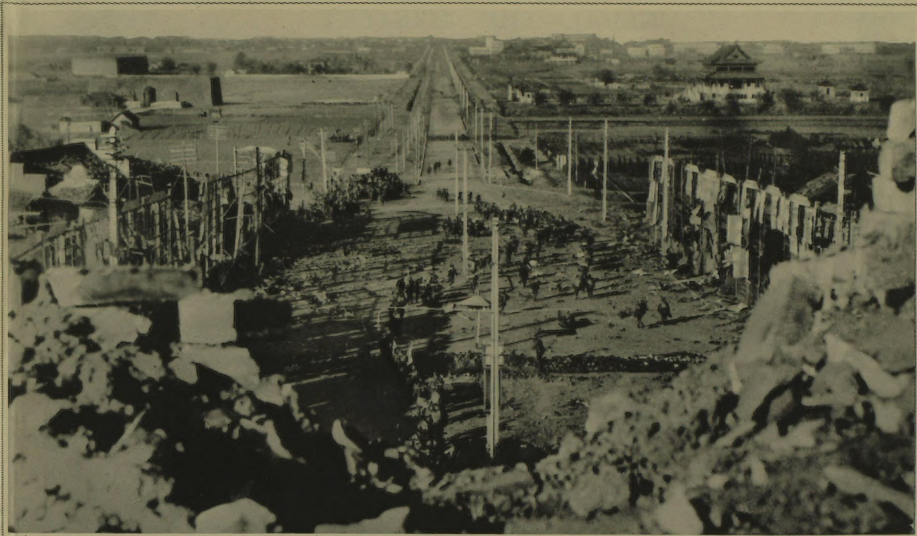
THE JAPANESE OCCUPATION: TROOPS MARCHING UP TO ONE OF THE FORMER GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, IN WHICH THEY WERE QUARTERED. *(Associated Press.)*



BEFORE NANKING: JAPANESE INFANTRY PHOTOGRAPHED DURING THE FINAL ADVANCE, PRESUMABLY IN THE PURPLE MOUNTAIN AREA, WITH THE CITY SEEN IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE—A SECTION OF THE FAR SIDE BEING UNDER CONCENTRATED BOMBARDMENT. *(Keytone.)*



DURING THE FINAL PHASES OF THE ASSAULT: JAPANESE TANKS WAITING TO ENTER ONE OF THE SOUTHERN GATES—PLAINLY, SEVERELY DAMAGED AT THE TOP. *(Wide World.)*



THE FIRST JAPANESE TROOPS ENTER THE CITY: MEN MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE EAST GATE, AND CROSSING A TRENCH IN SINGLE FILE; WITH THE DAMAGED WALL SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND. *Wide World.*



THE CEREMONIAL JAPANESE ENTRY: GENERAL MATSUI, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN THE SHANGHAI-NANKING SECTOR, RIDING THROUGH THE STREETS WITH HIS STAFF TO THE FORMER HEADQUARTERS OF THE CHINESE CENTRAL GOVERNMENT. *Wide World.*

We illustrated the fall of Nanking by means of a double-page aerial view of the city in our issue of December 18. Photographs of the fighting and the Japanese entry have now reached this country. It will be recalled that, after a period when it seemed that the Chinese might leave the capital to its fate, they began reinforcing it, about December 9, and constructing

defences. On that day the Japanese were some ten miles away. An ultimatum to surrender, from General Matsui, was dropped by an aeroplane. On the 10th the Japanese claimed to have reached the Purple Mountain, on the north-east—and the southernmost Ching Hua-men gate. The forecast that the city would fall on this day was not, however, fulfilled. By the 11th

the Japanese had apparently got possession of the Kuang-hua gate (the south-east point of the city). Covered by intense artillery and machine-gun fire, parties crept under the walls and breached them with what were described as "land mines." Tanks were able to get through the gap, but the fighting still went on. On the night of the 13th Japanese authorities in Shanghai

began to claim that their forces were "in complete control of Nanking, at sunset." The retreat of the Chinese across the river was covered by parties of "diabards" in the city; but many were trapped on the Nanking side and terrible scenes of butchery occurred. General Matsui, Prince Asaka, and Admiral Hasegawa made a formal entry into Nanking on December 17.



# NEPAL—THE MYSTERY.

"THE LAND OF THE GURKHAS": By MAJOR W. BROOK NORTHEY.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

IF every Englishman who had ever lived in Nepal had written a book about it, the resulting library would be a small one. Nepal is still what Korea used to call itself, and Japan also was, "A Hermit Kingdom." It is not difficult, with the right introductions, to get to the capital, Khatmandu (or Kathmandu, as Major Northey spells it); last year, two enterprising young friends of mine were surprised to meet each other in the street there. But, beyond that, the prohibition of travel is, except in very rare instances, complete.

The Nepalese have been very sensible; and we have been sensible too. Two strong men have met, as in Kipling's "Ballad of East and West," and it has been agreed that the Gurkhas, who get on perfectly with British soldiers, can enlist (as they do in tens of thousands) in the Indian Army, but that Nepal shall not be interfered with. It is, in a way, hard luck on Europeans, with their passion for geological and other surveys, that they cannot swarm at will over Nepal. But the Nepalese have taken the view—and they came into the picture later than China and Japan—that, if they want to keep us, and our factories and our Neo-Hellenic Post Offices out of their ancient and happy civilisation, the best thing they could do would be to get on terms with us and prohibit our entry.

*O si sic omnes!* There have been places where we have spread the light; missionaries and military forces were certainly wanted in Dahomey, where the kings piled pyramids of murdered skulls outside their palaces, and the midnights rang with the cries of ravished girls and of slaves awaiting cooking by the pot. But there have also been places where our intrusion has led to disaster; where happy, decent, leisurely tribes have been driven to work and disease, and their last state has been worse than their first. The Nepalese (whom, in any event, it would have been difficult to conquer) woke up to the problem of East and West, and made an arrangement, now loyally observed on both sides, to the effect that any of their men who wished to enlist in the British-Indian Army could do so (and they

Kathmandu in 1910, service with the Nepalese Contingent on the Indian Frontier during the Great War, and the post of Recruiting Officer for five years (during which I was kindly permitted by H.H. the

still great sections of that chain untouched, unknown, and almost unseen, covering many miles of its length, and containing populations representing primitive and ancient civilisations, ancient customs, and ancient methods of life, unaffected by contact with what is known as the civilised world." Nepal is narrow, but it includes 500 miles of the Himalayas.

General Bruce says again—and here is one of the last bits of Rider Haggard left in this overrun world: "There is, too, underlying this great centre, a town and a great mart which has always attracted my curiosity almost beyond any other town in Nepal. No one has been there, no one has seen it, but we know that its climate is almost tropical, that it cannot be more than 2500 feet in altitude, that it is on the banks of a great lake, and that it is in an open valley and lies almost immediately at the foot of these magnificent giants. Phewa Tal is the name of the lake, and Pokhra that of the town. Some day and from somewhere someone will arise who will do adequate justice to what must be one of the most impressive and beautiful sights to be found in any mountain country."

Mr. James Hilton, in "Lost Horizon," got his pilgrims to that sort of country in an aeroplane. Before long, the aeroplanes, without a Nepalese by-your-leave or with-your-leave, will be soaring over Nepal; there will be nothing left of mystery to our exploring minds except God and the stars—which, in all conscience, are enough.

Meanwhile, it is consoling to think that new animals are still being discovered, in an age of extermination, and that there are still, even on this small globe, countries barely known, in an age of communication.

A hundred years hence our posterity may know all about Nepal; in which event Nepal, as Nepal is, will have ceased to exist. As things are it is a treasure; an inaccessible country full of gay and gallant people, trees, temples, streams and waterfalls, penetrated and photographed by Major Northey, a reporter bringing back strange news, even in our day, as Hakluyt's heroes brought it from the Americas and Indies.

Long may Nepal remain as it is! Listen to this about the Nepalese woman: "Bright and intelligent as a rule, she has the same gift of humour and repartee as her male counterpart; like him, too, she is a great smoker, and shares his predilection for rice, beer, and any other kind of intoxicating liquor that may be obtainable. In consequence of this exceptional freedom which she enjoys, the married life of the Gurkha woman has little of Oriental submissiveness about it, but may be said to run more on European than on Eastern lines, with the wife enjoying life as well as the husband, but faithfully doing her duty by him and their children, looking after his uniform if he be a soldier, knitting gay stockings and



ONE OF THE MANY PUBLIC MONUMENTS WHICH DISPLAY TO THE FULL THE SUPREME EXCELLENCE OF THE METAL-WORKER'S ART IN NEPAL: A COLUMN SURMOUNTED BY A PEACOCK IN THE VILLAGE OF TEMI, NEAR KATHMANDU.

Reproduced from "The Land of the Gurkhas" by Courtesy of the Author and Publishers.

late Sir Chandra Shumshere to visit parts of the country usually inaccessible to Europeans), I can count myself not wholly unqualified



IN A LAND CLOSED TO THE ORDINARY TRAVELLER: A STREET SCENE IN KATHMANDU, THE CAPITAL OF NEPAL; WITH (IN THE FOREGROUND) A FIGURE OF KAL BHAIKAB.

sent tens of thousands to the war), but that we would not attempt to penetrate with our cars and our Neo-Hellenic Post-Offices.

Major Northey has seen more of Nepal than most. "I hope," he says, "that as a result of my twenty years' experience in a Gurkha Regiment, which included such work as training the Nepal Escort in

for the task which I have undertaken."

He describes it. He produces lovely photographs of temples and landscapes in this hidden land. But he, like his preface-writer, General C. G. Bruce, of the old Everest Expeditions, cannot help secretly rejoicing that Nepal is still largely unexplored. General Bruce says: "But it still pleases me to think that, notwithstanding the familiarity at present gained of many portions of the Himalayas, there are



MAKING HOMESPUN CLOTHS—ONE OF THE FEW INDUSTRIES CARRIED ON IN NEPAL: WOMEN OF THE PALPA DISTRICT WEAVING IN THE OPEN.

\* "The Land of the Gurkhas; or, The Himalayan Kingdom or Nepal." By Major W. Brook Northey, M.C., Order of the Star of Nepal; late 1st K.G.O. Gurkha Rifles. With a Chapter by Brigadier-General the Hon. C. G. Bruce, C.B., M.V.O., late 5th Royal Gurkha Rifles and 6th Gurkha Rifles. Illustrated. (W. Heffer and Sons; 10s. 6d.)

mufflers for him to smarten his appearance, and so on." It sounds perfect. But I expect, if one went to Nepal, it would be only the same old thing. In other words, as somebody said to me long ago: "Blame Adam and Eve."





KATHERINE, THE FAITHFUL WIFE OF THE HATED DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, WHOSE MURDER BY FELTON, AT PORTSMOUTH IN 1628, WAS HAILED WITH JOY IN ENGLAND: A FINE PORTRAIT BY PAUL MOREELSE (1571-1638); LENT TO THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Katherine Manners, daughter of the Earl of Rutland, was married to the Duke of Buckingham, the brilliant young courtier, in 1620. Fond though he was of his favourite "Steenie," King James could not permit him to wed a recusant Catholic, which Katherine was, like her father, the Earl. Accordingly, she had first to undergo a nominal conversion to Protestantism. The Duchess adored her husband, in spite of his infidelities. The story of Buckingham's assassination has often been told. The Duchess was in the house at Portsmouth when he was killed. Many of his friends were already nervous for his safety, knowing the hatred which was felt for him in England. On the night of August 22 he was restless in his sleep, as well he might be, in view of the doubtful prospects of his Rochelle venture; and the Duchess, anxious as ever, adjured him to take more precautions. The tale goes that he spoke harshly to her at first, but then, softened by her manifest affection, said he would take her importunity as a sign of love. Felton stabbed him just as he was leaving the breakfast-room. All was confusion in a moment. Buckingham fell heavily against a table and sank upon the ground. Lady Anglesea, the Duke's sister-in-law, had been watching the crowd in the hall from a gallery. Flinging open the door of the chamber in which the Duchess was, she told her that the sad day which her loving heart had so long foreboded had come at last. Katherine rushed out in her night-dress, with a bitter cry; but the man who had been her only joy was dead. "Ah, poor ladies!" wrote one of the men present, "such was their screechings, tears and distractions that I never in my life heard the like before, and hope never to hear the like again." To Katherine, Buckingham had ever been the most loved of husbands. In eight years of married life, she had borne him three sons and a daughter, including George, who eventually succeeded to the dukedom, and became just as notorious as his father and very little more stable. It is curious to learn that Katherine was afterwards wooed and won by Randal Macdonnell, Marquis of Antrim. Her unfaithfulness to the memory of the only real friend he ever had disgusted Charles I. A portrait of the Duke of Buckingham is reproduced in colour on the following page.

(LENT BY CAPTAIN BRUCE S. INGRAM.) COPYRIGHT RESERVED.





**JAMES I.'S FAVOURITE, "STEENIE": A MAGNIFICENT PORTRAIT OF THE FIRST DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, SHOWING HIM WEARING THE GARTER, BY D. MYTENS, WHO PRECEDED VAN DYCK AS COURT PAINTER IN ENGLAND.**

This portrait by Mytens shows the Duke of Buckingham in the reign of James I., and, presumably, to judge by the style of dress, not long after he was invested with the Garter on April 24, 1616. It may be compared with the very fine portrait of Buckingham as Lord High Admiral which is to be seen in the seventeenth-century art exhibition at Burlington House, and was reproduced in our last issue. Buckingham rose to power as Court favourite of James I., who once told his council: "You may be sure I love the Earl of Buckingham. . . . Christ had His John and I have my George." James nicknamed Buckingham "Steenie." A portrait of Buckingham's wife is reproduced in colour on the preceding page.

REPRODUCED FROM THE PAINTING AT PATSHULL HOUSE; BY COURTESY OF THE OWNER, THE EARL OF DARTMOUTH. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

THE 17TH-CENTURY ART EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

By FRANK DAVIS.

them Rembrandt's "Admiral Tromp," reproduced in our last issue), a large composition lent by Mr. H. A. Benyon, and once known as "The Education of the Virgin" but now called "The Education of St. John Baptist." I don't know

that the name matters—the point is, that here is a fine—a very fine—picture of a child kneeling before an old man, with an old woman in the background, and pervaded by an atmosphere of tender affection. Incidentally, those who enjoy a plunge into controversy on the attribution of Dutch seventeenth-century paintings, have here an opportunity of exercising their wits—is it by Carel Fabritius, or by his brother, Barent?—or by a greater name?

Perhaps, so far, I have given the impression that the exhibition as a whole is intensely serious: that is not the case. It is rather gay than sombre, and provides as good fun for the scatter-brained as for the solemn pedant. Religious revivalism, Catholic or Protestant, was by no means the main business of the seventeenth century, and one room alone (Gallery I.) will be a revelation to those who have been brought up to believe that there was no painting in England worth mentioning until the arrival of Van Dyck. True, it was not a great school, but it had the makings of a good school—a little stiff, almost two-dimensional (one can't easily walk round some of the figures, as it were), but it makes great play with agreeable patterns, both of dress details and of composition, and I prophesy that Sir Kenneth Clark's "Family Group"—the solemn gentleman leading in the little girls to see the newly-born baby while the mother lies in a great, pink-canopied bed—will delight the town.

The Van Dycks were mentioned on this page last week—a great man spoiled by too easy success, but how splendid and truly civilised his earlier work! Lely, represented, naturally, by his best portraits, also appears in the character of a painter of pastoral idylls in a large landscape lent by Sir Edmund Davis, the right-hand part of which shows a handling of a wide expanse of country which almost persuades us that we are in the eighteenth century. Very similar in temper is an even larger and very lovely idyllic scene, "The Judgment of Paris" (lent by Lord Methuen, and reproduced in our last number), which provides an interesting parallel, by Gerard de Lairese, who was enormously successful in his lifetime (1641-1711), when Vermeers were unsaleable. The once-fashionable and now half-forgotten Dutch Italianate painters, such as Jan Both, are agreeably represented. As for the Dutch great and little masters, they have always been popular among English collectors, and the task of selection must have been difficult. For my part I would have welcomed half a dozen more sea-pieces of equal quality with those already chosen. But that is merely captious criticism, considering the difficulties facing the committee. I still find the supercilious condescending to recognise Rembrandt as a universal genius, but dismissing the host of other Dutch painters as merely national and bourgeois—an attitude which ill becomes ourselves, still a nation of shopkeepers, and who owe an immense debt to the Dutch fight for liberty, both in politics and religion—a fight which brought about this marvellous flowering of national culture.

One could fill this whole issue with comments upon the pictures alone—one more notable and little-known portrait must suffice. This is the Duke of Devonshire's "Burgomaster of Diest and His Wife" (reproduced in our last number). Jordaens is not exactly a popular figure, partly because he is purely Flemish whereas Rubens is European, and he does not always rise far from the good, solid earth. See him here, solid and magnificent, happy in both his paint and his remarkable subject—a large, fat man and a large, fat woman. Rubens, in the famous "Duke of Buckingham," is by comparison merely playing at portraiture.

## I.—THE PICTURES.

THE Royal Academy renders an immense service to the public in organising every other year or so the Winter Exhibitions devoted to the art of many countries. It is true that these shows pay their way very handsomely; nevertheless, they are not arranged without a vast amount of trouble, and critics have been heard to insinuate that it is a pity they cannot be extended throughout the summer, thus absolving people from the necessity of visiting the annual Academy show in May. This is not a mild joke at the expense of R.A.'s—who in any case are always fair game for the captious and remain unperturbed—but a compliment to their broadmindedness. The point is this—next May the English pictures of 1938 will be shown to the public: this January the carefully-selected paintings of a whole century and from all Europe, are hung on the walls. It is inevitable that the acknowledged masterpieces of a hundred years will be of higher quality than the same number of paintings of a single year and of a single country which have not yet passed the test of time. Therefore, say I, double thanks to the Academicians who thus not only encourage us to enjoy the best of the past but, *ipso facto*, compel us to measure their own work in the spring by what we see in the winter. Men with small minds would not invite the comparison.

This is a most enjoyable show and will, I hope and believe, be a most popular one. Only one of all the exhibits comes from abroad, a convincing demonstration of the resources of this country in works of art, but it so happens that this one, lent by the King of Rumania, is the finest picture of all, judged by any standard. This is El Greco's "Adoration," which, quite apart from its dimensions—it is about twelve feet high—outshines everything near it and remains an unforgettable memory. These cool blues, greys, greens and purples, these swirling, restless rhythms, these elongated limbs and features are painted in a mood of so fierce an emotional intensity as almost to ravish the blind with their disturbing beauty. Odd indeed that this strange and powerful genius, born in Crete, nurtured in Venice under the influence of Tintoretto, and spending the rest of his life in dyspeptic and passionate painting in Toledo, should be a comparatively modern discovery!—an isolated phenomenon in the long story of European art, founding no school, handing on his visionary torch to no disciples, as mysterious and unapproachable in his personal character as in his technical methods. The other painters of the century who served the cause of the Counter-Reformation produce competent propaganda—El Greco alone has the devotion and depth of a major prophet. Those who saw this picture in the wonderful exhibition of El Grecos at Wildenstein's in Paris last year will be the first to welcome its arrival in London.

Rubens himself, in his religious pictures, painted as they are with enormous competence, appears merely as a clever advertising agent; he is himself in some of the smaller sketches, in his portraits, and best of all, I suggest, in the landscape "The Farm at Laeken," lent by H.M. the King, where one feels that this great gentleman and diplomat really understands the common things of earth, the slow growth of trees, the play of sun and air on grass. For a totally different religious mood, very simply expressed but in its way as moving as that of El Greco, one must go to the Rembrandt room, where hangs, amid some marvellous portraits (among

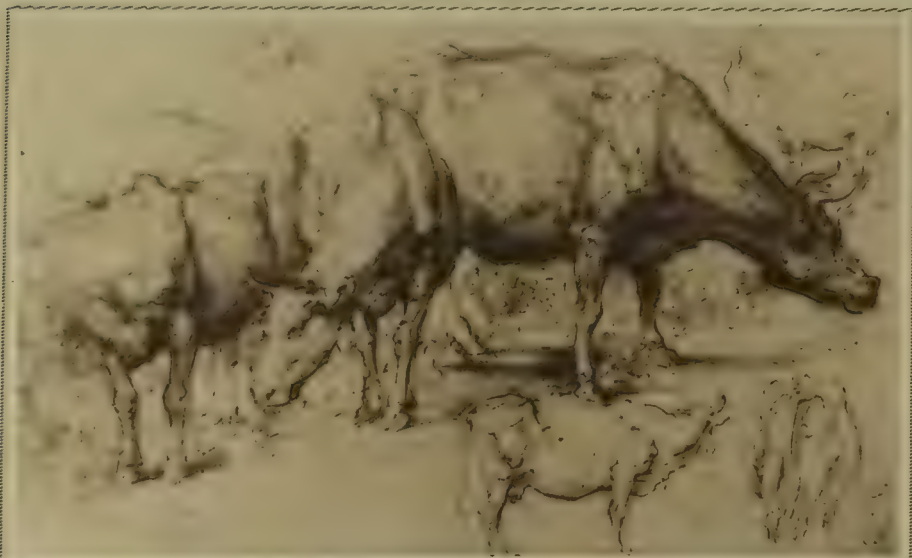


"THE FINEST PICTURE OF ALL" IN THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ART EXHIBITION AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: "THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS"; BY EL GRECO (1541-1614)—AN IMPOSING WORK MEASURING 11 FT. 4 IN. HIGH BY 4 FT. 6 IN. WIDE. In the accompanying article Mr. Frank Davis gives his reasons for pronouncing El Greco's "Adoration" the finest picture in the exhibition. It also has the distinction of being the only one not from a British collection. It is described in the catalogue as "almost certainly painted for the Church of the Colegio de Da. Maria de Aragon in Madrid." (Lent by H.M. King Carol of Rumania. Copyright Reserved.)



# 17TH-CENTURY ART AT THE R.A.: SKETCH STUDIES AND DRAWINGS.

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"STUDY OF COWS"; BY RUBENS (1577-1640).  
Pen and brown ink with some brown wash. Size: 12½ by 20½ in.  
(Lent by the Duke of Devonshire.)



"THE FLUTE PLAYER"; BY REMBRANDT (1606-1669).  
Pen and ink and brown wash. Size: 5½ by 6⅞ in.  
(Lent by Captain G. M. Gathorne-Hardy.)



"TWO SEATED LADIES"; BY DIRK HALS (1591-1656).  
Sketch in oils on paper. Size: 9½ by 8½ in.



"LUCAS VORSTERMAN"; BY VAN DYCK  
(1599-1641).  
Black chalk. Size: 9⅞ by 6⅞ in.  
(Lent by Miss Grace Clarke.)



"STUDY OF TWO HERALDS"; BY SIR PETER  
LELY (1618-1680).  
Black chalk on grey paper. Size: 20 by 14½ in.  
(Lent by Sir Robert Witt.)



"COUNTRY DANCES UNDER A GROUP OF ENORMOUS TREES"; BY CLAUDE  
LORRAINE (1600-1682). DATED 1662.  
Pen and brown ink on greenish paper, washed and heightened with white. Size: 13½ by 17½ in.  
(Lent by H.M. the King, Windsor Castle.)



"A WOMAN AND CHILD"; BY LODOVICO CARRACCI (1555-1619).  
Black chalk. Size: 10 by 13½ in.  
(Lent by the Earl of Ellesmere.)

The Exhibition of 17th-Century Art in Europe, which opened at the Royal Academy on January 3, will continue until March 12. In our issue of January 1 we reproduced ninety-three pictures to be seen in it. On this, and the three pages following, will be found further illustrations. "Study of Cows" by Rubens is a study for the Landscape at Munich. There is in the British Museum an almost identical drawing which has been generally regarded as the original, but is more probably a copy. A somewhat inferior version of "Two Seated Ladies" by Dirk

Hals is in the Staedel Institute at Frankfort. The artist was the younger brother of Frans Hals. "Lucas Vorsterman" is a study for the etching in the Iconography, an impression of which is exhibited in the small South Room. The "Study of Two Heralds" belongs to a series of drawings of which ten are in an album in the British Museum. The drawing of "A Woman and Child," in which the Child has the right hand raised in blessing, was a study for a Madonna and Child and St. Joseph under an arcade, engraved by the artist.



## 17TH-CENTURY ART AT THE R.A.: COUNTRY, SEA AND PORTRAIT DRAWINGS.

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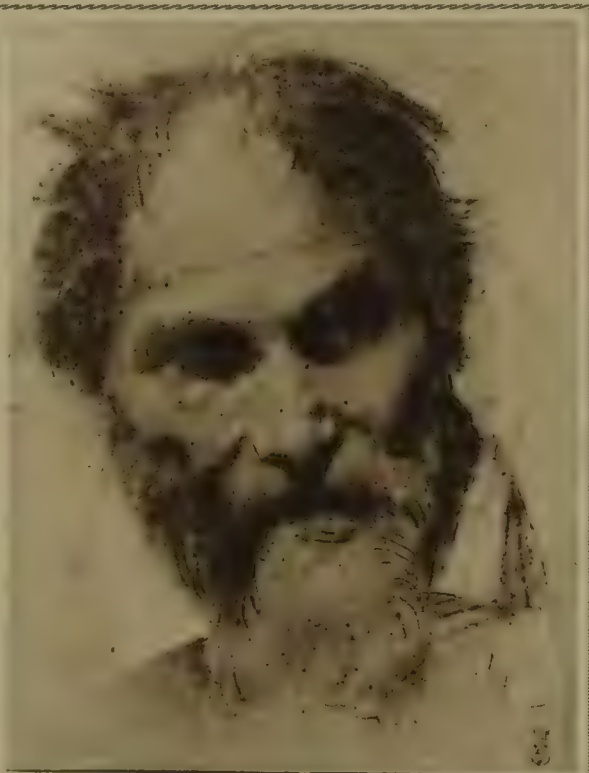
"LANDSCAPE, WITH COTTAGE AND TREES"; BY REMBRANDT (1606-1669).  
Pen and brown wash. Size: 11½ by 17½ in.  
(Lent by Otto Gutekunst, Esq.)



"LANDSCAPE"; BY SIR ANTONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641).  
Body colour over pen and brown ink. Size: 7½ by 10½ in.  
(Lent by Sir William Fitzherbert, Bt.)



"THE DUKE OF YORK (AFTERWARDS JAMES II.) WITH HIS DUCHESS (MARY OF MODENA) ARRIVING AT GRAVESEND IN NOVEMBER, 1673"; BY W. VAN DE VELDE THE ELDER (1611-1693). Pen and wash and black chalk. Size: 12½ by 40½ in.



"PORTRAIT SAID TO BE THAT OF THE ARTIST"; BY ANNIBALE CARRACCI (1560-1609).  
Coloured chalks. Size: 13½ by 10½ in.  
(Lent by the Earl of Ellesmere.)



"HEAD OF A WOMAN" (POSSIBLY SUSANNA FOURMENT); BY RUBENS (1577-1640).  
Black and red chalk. Size: 10½ by 7½ in.  
(Lent by W. Stirling, Esq.)



"HEAD OF A CHILD"; BY FEDERICO BAROCCI (1526-1612).  
Pastel on blue paper. Size: 8½ by 6½ in.  
(Lent by H.M. the King, Windsor Castle.)

The landscape by Rembrandt is signed "Rembrandt f. 1644." It was exhibited in the Royal Academy on two occasions—in 1899 and in 1929—and at Amsterdam in 1932. The landscape by Van Dyck shows the sails and masts of shipping visible on an estuary in the background and is a less familiar aspect of the work of the fashionable, and official, portrait-painter to Charles I. The drawing of the Duke of York arriving at Gravesend is inscribed in the artist's hand. It was included in the exhibition of Masters of Maritime Art at Colnaghi's in 1936. The artist was very famous for his grisaille drawings of ships and came to England with his son, from Amsterdam, in 1672. Carracci helped to found the Academy in Bologna, which

established an eclectic style based on the masters of the Italian Renaissance. His only instructor in art was his uncle, Lodovico. The "Woman's Head" by Rubens is a study for the head of the Virgin in the picture of the Virgin and Child lent to the 17th-Century Exhibition by Mr. Anthony de Rothschild. The model was probably the artist's sister-in-law, Susanna Fourment. The "Head of a Child" by Barocci is a study for the head of the Child in the Nativity in the Prado. Barocci was influenced by the work of Correggio and worked chiefly at Rome and Urbino, his birthplace. He was fortunate in receiving the patronage of Pope Pius IV. and of Gregory XIII., for whom he painted two pictures for the Chiesa Nuova.



## 17TH-CENTURY ART AT THE R.A.: CRAFTSMANSHIP IN SILVER AND GILT.

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CUP AND COVER OF SILVER-GILT AND ORNAMENTED WITH THE DONOR'S ARMS AND A BAND BEARING AN INSCRIPTION. London hall-mark for 1632-3. Height: 14 in. (Lent by Winchester College.)



A SILVER-GILT COMMUNION CUP; FORMERLY OWNED BY THE CHURCH OF ST. ANTHOLIN. London hall-mark for 1622-3. Ht.: 13 in.—[Lent by the Rector and Churchwardens of St. Mary Aldermay.]



A SILVER-GILT COMMUNION CUP AND COVER; THE BOWL ENGRAVED WITH A CROWN OF THORNS ENCLOSING AN INSCRIPTION.—[Lent by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London.]



A SILVER-GILT CUP; BEARING EMBOSSED ACANTHUS FOLIAGE AND ENGRAVED WITH FLORAL ORNAMENTS. London hall-mark for 1619-20. Height: 7 in. (Lent by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths.)



ONE OF A PAIR OF SILVER WALL SCONCES; EMBOSSED WITH FORMAL FLOWERS, AND WITH CHASED CLASSICAL FEMALE FIGURE. French; c. 1680.—[Lent by Captain A. Heywood-Lonsdale.]



A SILVER-GILT COMMUNION CUP; EMBOSSED WITH CHERUBS' HEADS AND FLORAL SWAGS. London hall-mark for 1683-4. Height: 10½ in.—[Lent by the Rector and Churchwardens of St. James's Church, Piccadilly.]



A SILVER SCONCE; THE PLATE EMBOSSED WITH THE CYPHER AND CROWN OF CHARLES II., WITHIN A BORDER OF FISH ORNAMENT. Dated 1668.—[Lent by the Duke of Buccleuch.]



PERFUME-BURNER IN SILVER-GILT; RESTING ON FOUR EAGLES — THE DOMED COVER SHAPED AS A ROYAL CROWN. French; second half of seventeenth century.—[Lent by the Viscount Lee of Fareham.]



A SALT IN SILVER-GILT; INSCRIBED "THE GIFT OF THOMAS SEYMOR TO THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF GOLD SMITHS, 1693." English; c. 1662.—[Lent by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths.]



COMMUNION CUP AND PATEN COVER; OF SILVER-GILT, THE BOWL ENGRAVED WITH THE GOOD SHEPHERD. C. 1632. Height: 9 in.—[Lent by Peterhouse, Cambridge.]

The cup lent by Winchester College was given to the College by Hugh Barker (1564-1632). It bears his arms and a band with the inscription: "Ex dono Hugonis Barker . . . ac Consanguinei fundatoris ejusdem Collegii, ac eo nomine in numerum scholarium ejusdem admissi." The domed cover of St. Mary Aldermay's

Communion cup is surmounted by a band recording that it was given by Roger Price in 1622. Formerly, the perfume-burner was the property of the Earl of Chesterfield; and the pierced work recalls the contemporary work on watches and most nearly approaches the style of design of Jean Vauquer of Blois.



## 17TH-CENTURY ART AT THE R.A.: MINIATURES, FURNITURE AND BUSTS.

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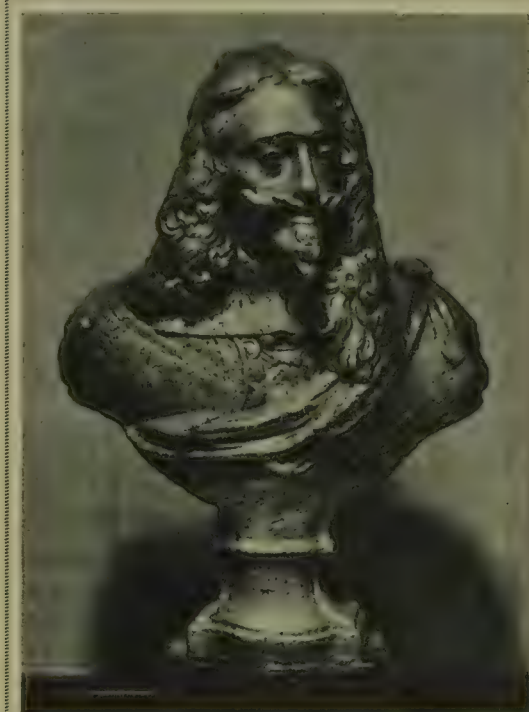
"SELF PORTRAIT"; BY HENDRIK POT (1585-1657).  
Oils on metal. Size: 3½ by 3 in.  
(Lent by Viscount Bearsted.)



"BARBARA VILLIERS"; BY SAMUEL COOPER  
(1609-1672). Size: 4½ by 3⅞ in.  
(Lent by H.M. the King, Windsor Castle.)



"OLIVER CROMWELL"; BY SAMUEL COOPER.  
Size: 3½ by 2½ in.  
(Lent by the Duke of Buccleuch.)



"KING CHARLES I." (CAST IN LEAD); BY HUBERT  
LE SUEUR (D. c. 1652). Height: 2 ft. 9½ in.  
(Lent by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Portsmouth.)



"CRAVAT"; A CARVING IN LIME-WOOD BY GRINLING  
GIBBONS (1648-1721). Size: 24 by 14 in.  
(Lent by the Duke of Devonshire.)



"KING CHARLES II." (TERRACOTTA); ATTRIBUTED TO  
JOHN BUSHNELL (?-1701). Height (with stand): 3 ft. 6 in.  
(Lent by Mrs. Bruce S. Ingram.)



A MARQUETRY WRITING-TABLE DECORATED WITH VARIOUS WOODS AND WHITE METAL.  
(French. Period of Louis XIII.)  
(Lent by H.M. the King, Windsor Castle.)

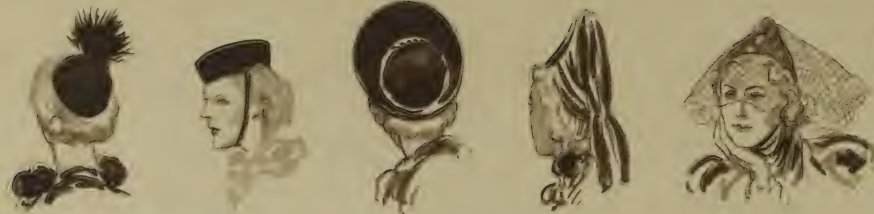


A BALLOT-BOX OF LACQUERED WOOD. DATED 1619.  
English. Height: 17 in.; width, 18 in.  
(Lent by the Worshipful Company of Saddlers.)

Interesting points in connection with the exhibits illustrated on this page are that Barbara Villiers was the Countess of Castlemaine, mistress of Charles II., who later became Duchess of Cleveland; that the bust of Charles I. was presented to Portsmouth by the King to commemorate his landing there in 1623; that Grinling

Gibbons "presented the Duke with a cravat, a woodcock and a medal with his own head" on finishing his work at Chatsworth; that the bust of Charles II. was placed in the Hall of Serjeants' Inn in 1676; and that seventeenth-century English terracotta is incredibly rare.





THE GENERAL FASHIONABLE INDIVIDUALISM OF THE SEASON TURNS TO "ANARCHY" IN THE REALM OF HATS: A FEW OF THE AMAZING DIVERSITY OF TYPES WHICH ARE FAVOURED THIS WINTER, INCLUDING THE STOVEPIPE AND A VARIETY OF OTHER MODELS WITH EXAGGERATED HEIGHT.

## Summing Up Women's Dress. Individualistic Fashions, Turning to "Anarchy" in the Realm of Hats.

THE year 1937, which witnessed a succession of world-shaking events, was comparatively uneventful in the realm of fashion. Changes were rather in the nature of intensification of tendencies than in violent reversals of modes. "Democracy" and "Individualism" grew, and, so far, have been countered by no "authoritarian" developments in matters of dress! This individualism is, perhaps, partly the result of the ever-increasing numbers of attractive

(Continued below on centre.



WINTER FASHIONS—AS SEEN IN THE BOIS. THE SIMPLE TYPE OF OUTDOOR DRESS THAT IS NOW ALMOST INTERNATIONAL.

new materials, many of them with a metallic appearance and structure, new artificial silk fabrics, new furs, feathers, and forms of ornament. In the matter of hats, individualism still verges on anarchy. It is each for herself: only personality counts. It is true that there has been a general tendency towards high hats and fantastic shapes, but, as our illustrations show, particularly the uppermost one, there are exceptions to this. Skirts have grown shorter in the daytime, but not for evening dresses. In this sphere many long-skirted styles, whose high necks and long sleeves would have satisfied the modesty of the staidest of Victorians or the Quakers, are to be seen. Evening cloaks with hoods

to go over the

(Continued on right



AT COCKTAIL-TIME: A DASHING FURRED CAPE; AND A DRESS WITH A METALLIC BELT, ITS FLARING SKIRT GIVING A "VIVANDIÈRE" EFFECT.

head are called "cagoulards," after the cagoulard "affaire." Perhaps "Cagoulard" will be the year's permanent contribution to the vocabulary of dress. Of late, woman's figure has been allowed to assume more normal shapes, instead of being considered as a featureless sort of cylinder, as it was in the 'twenties. The waist, if anything, is emphasised. It is also the vogue for women to wear their hair longer at the back; but one of our drawings shows the new brushed-up coiffure, which is radically different from this. In this the hair is swept up and finished in soft, flat curls. The drawing of the scene in the Bois shows how absolutely international women's outdoor dress has become. There is nothing at all specifically Parisian about these figures—indeed, it might be thought that their clothes had been designed in London or New York. The simplicity—one might almost say, the practicability—of these outdoor clothes has an Anglo-Saxon touch. The idea is heightened by the pace at which fashionable women now move in the Bois. No more dallying or slow, majestic pacing; it is said to be *de rigueur* to stride along, as though emulating the hustle of the business world. In the cocktail- and tea-dresses, the spirit of to-day has more chance to express itself. A French writer has said that cocktails require a dress that has "something alert, bold, cheeky about it, without being really daring, not too feminine, without being too mannish. A cape-like *mantau*, a *corsage* drawn in tightly at the waist in a metallic *ceinture*, short skirt, the costume of a *vivandière de luxe*, but without being reminiscent of comic opera (and less still of the Daughter of the Regiment)." The evening dresses exhibit an extraordinary contrast in styles, between the high-necked, long-sleeved on the right of the drawing and the décolleté in the centre. With the latter go false sleeves. Little jewellery is to be seen, but both women are wearing a series of bracelets. To sum up, fashion to-day is "kind"; as she offers such a variety of styles that every woman can select those becoming to her type, and is able to avoid hats or dresses which emphasise her bad points or fail to give value to her good ones.



TEA-TIME: STILL TREATED BY FASHIONABLE WOMEN AS AN OPPORTUNITY FOR THE DISPLAY OF FEMINE ELEGANCE; AND A DIVERSITY OF BECOMING HATS.

EVENING DRESS IN A FASHIONABLE RESTAURANT: THE CONTRASTS BETWEEN HIGH NECKS AND DÉCOLLETÉ; LONG SLEEVES AND SHORT.





YELLOW MOUNTAINS LANDSCAPE SUCH AS INSPIRED THE GREATEST CHINESE PAINTERS: FANTASTICALLY SHAPED PINE-CLAD PEAKS WREATHED IN MIST.—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN ANWHEI.

To a westerner unfamiliar with the rugged mountain scenery encountered in various parts of China, Chinese paintings almost invariably appear so unreal that they fail to appeal. Anyone who has visited such of the sacred mountains as Hua Shan, or Huang Shan, will, however, be aware that

mountain scenery in China can be even more fantastic than any Chinese landscape paintings. As the visitor winds his way among the crags, covered with quaintly shaped pine-trees, and watches the play of the clouds which now and then obscure the lower part of the mountain, he will encounter at

(Continued opposite.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. A. DE CARVALHO.



A PHOTOGRAPH THAT SUGGESTS A SUNG LANDSCAPE PAINTING, WITH ITS DARK CRAGS OUTLINED AGAINST FLOATING VAPOUR: ANOTHER SCENE IN THE YELLOW MOUNTAINS (WONG SHAN) OF ANWHEI.

every step scenes that seem strangely familiar to him. The same may be said of the valley of the Yangtze which lies partly in the province of Anwei, where these photographs were taken (the river now, unhappily, serves as the highway for China's invaders). The landscapes in the Yangtze valley lend

themselves wonderfully well to the poetical interpretation of nature which was particularly beloved of the Sung painters. Steep mountains, misty rivers and valleys, wild geese in the reeds of the great marshes—everything in this region brings a poem into the picture or makes a picture of a poem.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. A. DE CARVALHO.



# HOWLERS' ACROBATICS IN THE TREE-TOPS: SPECTACULAR MONKEY-LEAPS.

THE photographs on these pages were taken by Dr. Frank M. Chapman, Curator of Birds at the American Museum of Natural History, New York, and, with others, illustrated a fascinating article contributed by him recently to the Museum's well-known magazine, "Natural History," under the title "My Monkey Neighbours on Barro Colorado." The island's simian population includes various species, but those shown here are Howling Monkeys, or Howlers. The incident shown on this page occurred at a spot where an overgrown fig-tree had crashed, leaving a large gap in the monkeys' tree-top highway. "I chanced to see them," writes Dr. Chapman, "when for the first time they visited us after this change in the topography. Finding that their oft-travelled road no longer existed, and being evidently unwilling, perhaps unable, to retreat, they

[Continued below.



A NATURAL TRAPEZE ARTIST FLYING THROUGH THE AIR: ONE OF A CLAN OF HOWLING MONKEYS, ON THE ISLAND OF BARRO COLORADO, FORCED TO LEAP A 25-FT. GAP IN THE FOREST LEFT BY A FALLEN TREE.



LIZARD-LIKE IN THIS SILHOUETTED ATTITUDE, BUT REVEALING HIMSELF UNMISTAKABLY AS A MONKEY BY THE PROJECTING THUMBS: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE HOWLER, WITH ARMS AND LEGS EXTENDED, DURING HIS 25-FT. LEAP FROM TREE TO TREE.

were forced to take a new way. This required a jump, at a slight angle, of not less than 25 feet, a long distance for a howler, who is a conservative traveller. All but three childless animals, probably males, had passed as I reached the place just in time to record their silhouettes as, arms and legs widespread, they threw themselves into the air and landed safely in a bed of limbs and leaves below. When moving through the tree-tops... howlers usually travel single file. The young go with their mother, at first clinging to her underparts, later to her back. Difficult crossings may be bridged by the mother's stiffened body, as she clings with her hands to branches in advance before releasing her tail-hold on those in the rear. The young, who have dismounted while the connection was formed, now go over without hesitation." Describing the episode on the

[Continued opposite.

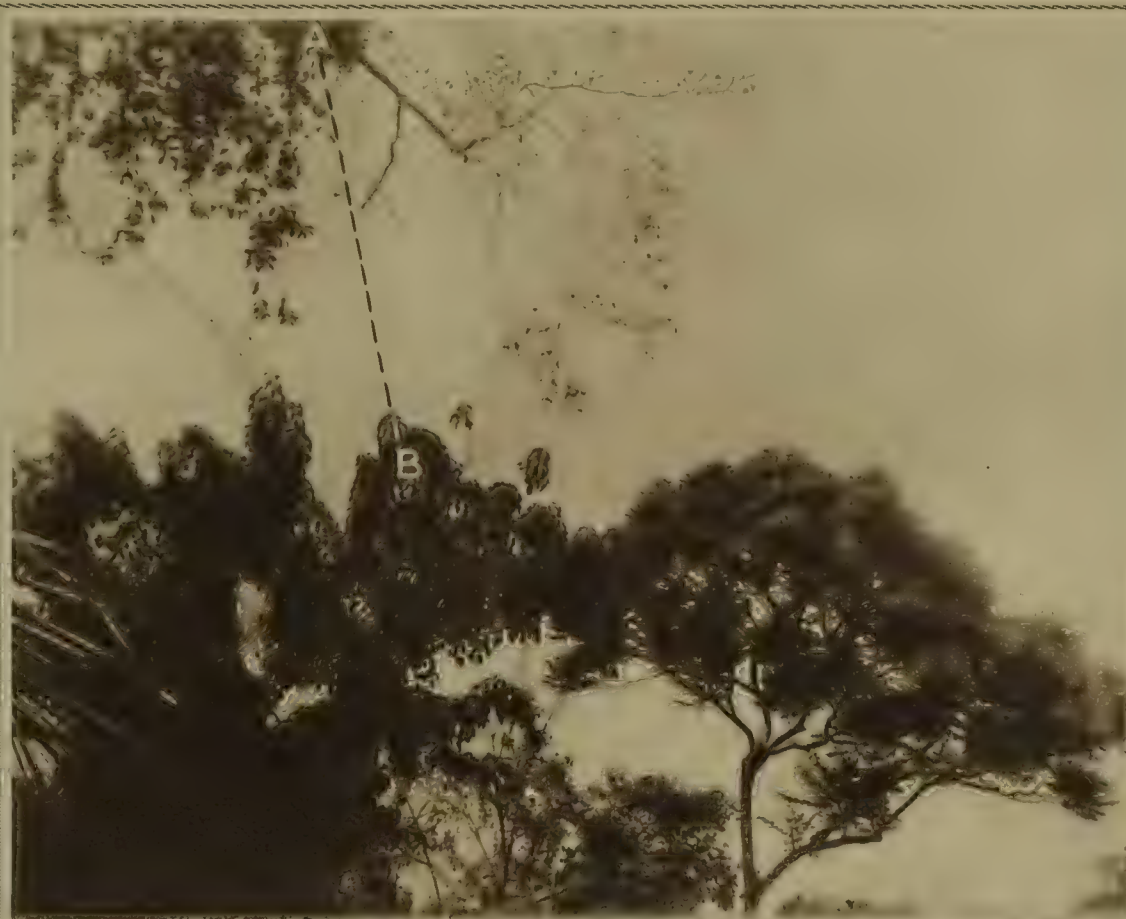


# A HOWLER'S FOREST BRIDGE FOR HER BABY: MONKEY RESOURCEFULNESS.

*Continued.*

right-hand page, Dr. Chapman continues: "They [the howlers] began to move through the nutmeg, a route I had not seen them take before. It was not until all had departed, except a mother with a well-grown young baby, that I observed this road called for a jump of about 15 ft. downward at an angle of 45 degrees. . . . The mother and baby came slowly, and at the last bit of foliage on the overhanging take-off limb the baby dismounted and concealed itself in the leaves while the mother made the jump alone. I was about to remove my camera, when it appeared that the story was far from told. The mother had no intention of deserting her young; her course of action was evidently planned before she jumped. Turning, she now climbed to the top of the tree in which she had landed, reached upward, caught the tip of the branch from which she had sprung and pulled

*[Continued opposite.]*



THE PROBLEM THAT CONFRONTED A MOTHER MONKEY CONVEYING HER BABY BY A NEW ROUTE THROUGH THE TREE-TOPS: HOW TO GET IT ACROSS FROM A TO B—A 15-FT. GAP TOO WIDE FOR HER TO LEAP CARRYING IT "PICK-A-BACK."

it toward her, thereby creating a bridge between the two trees. At this point the baby howler clearly received his marching orders and, climbing carefully downward, passed over his mother's outstretched arm, remounted her back, and the two hurried on to rejoin the clan. My thanks for the most interesting, perhaps the most valuable, nature picture I have ever made followed her. What I had seen was not an instinctive, automatic reaction to a situation by which the howler mother had been frequently confronted. To the best of my belief, she was travelling over a route new to her. . . . Looking ahead, she saw the break in the trail and decided that it was too wide to be crossed while carrying her young. . . . In short, her actions appear to have been wholly based on original observations and their resulting conclusions."



THE SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM, INTELLIGENTLY DEVISED BY THE MOTHER MONKEY IN AN UNFORESEEN EMERGENCY: HAVING LEAPT FROM A TO B' (SEE UPPER PHOTOGRAPH), LEAVING HER BABY AT A, SHE PULLS DOWN A BRANCH FOR IT TO CLIMB DOWN ON TO HER BACK.



# A VITAL BRITISH INDUSTRY OFFICIALLY SAID TO HAVE

THREE PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. STEWARTS AND LLOYD, LTD. LOWER

A REMARKABLE statement concerning the iron and steel industry—so vitally important to the nation—was made recently in Parliament by Mr. Oliver Stanley, President of the Board of Trade. Answering a question which implied that shipbuilding and engineering were adversely affected by a shortage of steel, he announced that the production of steel ingots in this country during last November reached a record for all time; increases in steel supplies were now available, and he was not aware of any general shortage. In October, we may recall, a Press report stated that the steel shortage was believed to be ending several months earlier than was expected, as supplies of essential

(Continued below on right)

BLAST FURNACES, AS SEEN BY NIGHT, THE FOUR MODERN BLAST FURNACES AT THE CORBY WORKS, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, INCORPORATING THE MOST RECENT PRACTICE AND SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO HANDLE THE CORBY ORES.



materials were rapidly increasing; scrap was plentiful, and the daily rate of pig iron production was the highest since 1920; home production of ore was fast expanding, while imports from Spanish Morocco had been resumed, and the difficulty over supplies from northern Spain had been largely overcome. There had been a striking change in the circumstances of the steel industry, it was pointed out, since the import duties were reduced in July. On November 9 a step calculated further to stimulate trade was announced by the British Iron and Steel Federation, to the effect that prices of steel, the principal raw material of most of the country's chief industries, were to be stabilised until the end of 1938. During the previous 18 months

(Continued opposite.)

TERMINING BASIC SLAG FROM THE BESSEMER CONVERTER. AT THE CORBY WORKS, THE SLAG IS Poured OFF THE HEAVIER STEEL INTO POTS. LATER THE SLAG WILL BE USED BY FARMERS AS A FERTILISER.

# REACHED "A RECORD FOR ALL TIME": STEEL IN THE MAKING.

RIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF "THE TIMES." (COPYRIGHTS RESERVED.)



have been completed, will have a productive capacity of 600,000 ingot tons a year. . . . The works at Corby are unrivalled in organisation and technical efficiency. They embody a discovery, an adaptation of the Bessemer process, for the smelting of local ores, and the results in costs of production have been astonishing. Corby has opened the eyes, not only of German industrialists, but also of the German Government, and the German Government, seeing the potentialities of the lean ore beds—neglected in the absence of a process that did not exist till the Corby works were started—has itself undertaken their exploitation as a national enterprise."

FIG. IRON RUNNING FROM A BLAST FURNACE, WHEN THE EXTRACTION OF IRON FROM ORE IS COMPLETE, THE FURNACE IS TAPPED AND MOLTEN IRON RUNS IN A CHANNEL CUT IN THE SAND BED TO THE WAITING LADLE.

they had risen by about 20 per cent. This new decision has secured thousands of manufacturers against unexpected increases in the price of material, and keeps constant for a year the main factor in the cost of the rearmament programme. About 20 per cent. of home-produced steel is being absorbed by the defence contracts. It was announced that the total British steel production during 1937 had reached the record figure of 12,900,000 tons. In 1938 it might rise to 13,250,000 tons. Regarding the great British enterprise here illustrated, a recent article in "The Times" on the German scheme for developing new low-grade iron ore fields stated: "Two [German works] will be something like the size of the Corby works in Northamptonshire, which, when current extensions

(Continued above on right.)

POURING STEEL FROM A CONVERTER INTO A LADLE. THE SLAG BEING REMOVED, THE FINISHED STEEL IS Poured INTO A LADLE FROM WHICH INGOT MOULDS ARE FILLED. THESE INGOTS ARE ROLLED INTO STRIP OR BILLETS TO FEED TUBE MILLS.





# BRITAIN'S RECORD STEEL-PRODUCING DRIVE: A FIERY CASCADE OF COKE.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. STEWARTS AND LLOYDS, LTD. (SEE THE TWO PRECEDING PAGES).



DISCHARGING COKE FROM COKE OVENS: ONE OF THE PROCESSES AT THE CORBY IRON AND STEEL WORKS, WHERE COKE FOR THE BLAST FURNACES IS PROVIDED BY 113 VERTICAL COKE OVENS, EACH TAKING ABOUT 14 TONS.

Like others in this number, the above photograph illustrates a phase of British steel-making, which, as noted on pages 60 and 61, is of paramount importance to national industry, and recently attained a record rate of production. An official booklet describing the works at Corby states, with regard to distribution and use of surplus blast furnace and coke oven gases: "The entire Corby operation is carried on without coal or other extraneous fuel, except the coking coals charged

into the coke ovens. In the raising of steam, heating of ingots, and reheating of billets and slabs, as well as in the steel works and rolling mill operations, the fuel used is either blast furnace gas or coke oven gas, or a mixture of both. The coke ovens are fired with blast furnace gas, making available the whole of the coke oven gas for other uses within the plant and for supplying the town of Kettering with domestic fuel, through the Kettering Gas Company."



## BRITAIN'S RECORD EFFORT IN STEEL-PRODUCTION: TYPICAL BLAST FURNACES.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. STEWARTS AND LLOYDS, LTD.

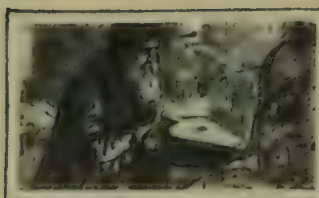


TWO OF THE ENORMOUS NEW BLAST FURNACES AT THE CORBY IRON AND STEEL WORKS, IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE :  
A CLOSE-UP VIEW WHICH MAY BE COMPARED WITH THAT ON PAGE 60 SHOWING THE FURNACES BY NIGHT.

As indicated by the facts mentioned on pages 60 and 61 of this number, the new Corby Iron and Steel Works are intimately associated with recent developments in this vital industry. An official descriptive booklet states: "The more direct importance of the new works to the steel industry is that they bring back to this country the process of basic bessemer steel-making . . . invented by an Englishman. . . . The operations of these works are based on the ironstone

deposits of Northamptonshire, one of the largest in the world. . . . The iron and steel works comprises an ore-treating plant; . . . a modern blast furnace installation . . . including the largest in Britain and embodying many new features; . . . a modern coke and by-product plant, designed to produce a quality of coke most suitable for the production of low silicon pig iron from the Corby ores; and a basic bessemer plant of new design."





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### "BEHAVIOUR" IN ANIMALS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

OUR conceptions of the course of evolution, either of organs, or parts of organs, or of whole bodies, are based on purely physical characters: some external, and some to be found only by dissection. They represent the responses made by the living tissues of the body to the stresses and strains which have fallen upon them. But we all are too commonly apt to forget that "physical fitness" is not alone sufficient to ensure survival: "behaviour" has also to be borne in mind. By "behaviour" I mean, what we may, for want of a better word, call the "psychological" responses engendered in the nervous system among animals, both high and low in the scale of life, which present problems of great complexity.

To show what I am driving at let me cite the strange reciprocal relationship which obtains between parent and offspring among the "passerine birds"—robins, thrushes, skylarks, and so on. The sanitation of the nest is a matter of profound importance if any of its occupants are to leave that nest alive. And it is brought about in a very singular way. After feeding one or other of her brood, before leaving the nest the mother pauses a moment for that youngster to evacuate the waste products of its last meal. If the little one does not raise its hinder end and expel this, she gives it a gentle peck, with the result she is waiting for. And this faecal matter is expelled enclosed within a delicate pellicle, but sufficiently tough to resist the grip of the mother's beak. Immediately she either swallows it, or carries it off and drops it at a distance from the nest, which is thus kept perfectly clean. Here are two separate

effort at their implementation is attempted. These birds are creatures of impulses, following one another in sequence. When the surge of the reproductive tide sets in it begets the instinct to build a nest. The hen-bird sees nothing ahead, she does not build for "the purpose" of providing a receptacle for the eggs which have not yet come into being. When the full complement of eggs is laid there follows, automatically, the task of incubation. She does

suspend from the roof a saucer-shaped plate, and to the under-surface of this adds a number of cells, hexagonal in shape, and lays an egg in each. As soon as these hatch into "worker-wasps" she leaves to them the work of building fresh cells, and devotes herself to laying an egg in each as they are made. And she leaves also to them the task of feeding the young, and adding to the outer walls of the nursery, till this assumes a globular shape (Fig. 1). As the work goes on, tier upon tier of cells is added, with the mouth downwards, so that the young hang head downwards!

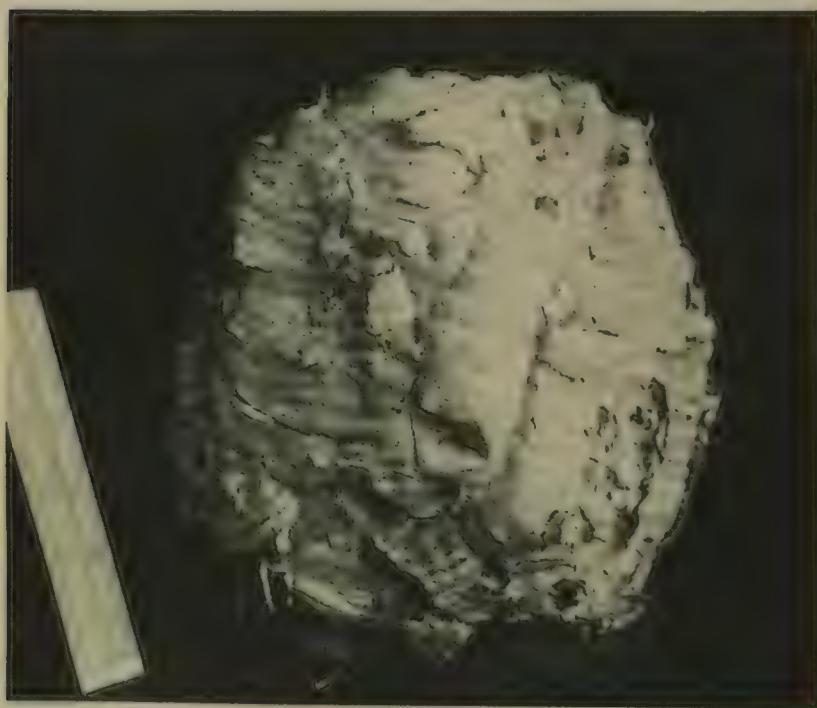
The queen has had no previous experience of nest-building and rearing a family, neither have her numerous offspring, which finally number as many, perhaps, as 25,000. Not one ever seems to make a mistake. They work entirely "instinctively." We find here, again, a strange mode of assuring the sanitation of the nest. For the larvæ void no excrement until immediately before they enter the pupal stage, to await final development into full-grown wasps. Then the whole of the accumulated faecal matter is expelled, and pushed and flattened out against the roof of the cell. Any failure in this rhythm of behaviour would lead to the death of the whole population.

The material used in the construction of the outer wall of the nest, as well as of the cells, is paper. The wasps were expert paper-makers long ages before the advent of man. Their only



1. THE OUTER CASING OF THE NEST OF A COMMON WASP—MADE UP OF TINY PELLETS OF CHEWED WOOD HELD TOGETHER BY SALIVA, AND BUILT UP IN THE FORM OF CONCENTRIC RINGS.

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.



2. DIFFERING FROM THE WASPS' NEST IN THAT THE PELLETS ARE LAID ON TO FORM ALTERNATE LAYERS: THE OUTER CASING OF A HORNET'S NEST, BETWEEN WHICH AND THE SUPERIMPOSED LAYERS OF THE COMB THERE IS A LARGE SPACE FOR THE CIRCULATION OF AIR.—[Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.]

individuals which must each play their part at the right time, and the right way, or disaster surely follows. What brought about the physiological changes at the end of the intestine whereby the faeces became invested in a pellicle before being voided? And what brought into being the automatic responses of the parent in regard to the efficient performance of her share in this matter? Both parent and offspring, in so far as "physical fitness" goes, are perfect. Yet all this avails nothing if their reciprocal behaviour during these critical moments proves faulty!

The whole reproductive period in the lives of these birds hangs, for its successful passage, on this single thread of right "behaviour." We commonly call it "instinct," though some call it "intelligent" behaviour. But this term "intelligence" implies the mental appreciation of activities before an

It raised a host of interesting problems, more especially in regard to the really wonderful nests made by the wasp-tribe and the wide range they present in form and structure. Our wasps belong to what are known as the "social wasps," and number some 800 species. In appearance and structure they differ from one another, chiefly in their coloration. But in their "behaviour" during the reproductive period they present a surprising range of differences. By some authorities the family is split up into sections based not on the structural characters of the body but on the different types of nests they build. But I must here confine my remarks to the nest of our common wasp. This is generally built underground in a hole made by a mouse, and enlarged to the required size by the "workers"; the material being removed a few grains at a time. The building is begun in the spring, by a queen, who

not, so to speak, reflect "these eggs must be warmed into life by the heat from my body." And, again, when the eggs hatch she does not reflect "these blind and helpless little mites must be fed," but she, and her mate in like manner, set about finding suitable food. And though they themselves may be seed-eaters, they start hunting for caterpillars, and other insects for their babies, as if they realised that they could never digest seeds! In this matter of the care of offspring we find throughout the whole history of "the beasts that perish" that, wherever offspring have come to need parental care, from apes to insects, and below, there is this same dependence for the survival of the species on "behaviour." And this blind, instinctive behaviour takes many and strange forms.

These problems of "behaviour" were, so to speak, thrust upon me during the summer, when I found a wasps' nest in my paddock.



3. THE COMB OF A WASP'S NEST—SHOWING THE HEXAGONAL CELLS, SOME OF WHICH ARE FILLED UP WITH THE PROJECTING SILKEN COCOONS ENCLOSING THE PUPAE, PRESENTLY TO EMERGE AS FULL-GROWN "WORKER" WASPS WHO CARRY ON THE TASK OF BUILDING MORE CELLS AND FEEDING THE YOUNG.

machinery is furnished by their jaws and saliva. From wooden posts and palings tiny scraps are gnawed off and worked up into pellets with the saliva. As will be seen in this photograph (Fig. 1) the outer walls are made up of little saucer-shaped plates of concentric rings of paper. This cover is about an inch thick and encloses air-spaces which help to regulate the temperature of the interior of the nest. The cells (Fig. 3) are shaped exactly like those of the "comb" of the hive-bee, but made of paper instead of wax.

The broad outlines of the history and structure of the beehive and the wasps' nests are alike. Here we have "behaviour" which has persisted without change for many thousands of years. The many and surprising differences which the nests of the various types of wasps and bees present we must set down to modifications of "behaviour," which came into being with the evolution of the several types. But in considering these we are faced with another aspect of this problem of the evolution of "behaviour."



## The Royal Bird of the Aztecs: Quetzals in Their Brilliant Plumage; and One of the First Specimens Reared in Captivity.



A PAIR OF QUETZALS, THE SYMBOL BIRDS OF THE AZTEC KINGS: A COLOURED DRAWING SHOWING THE MALE'S REMARKABLE TAIL, OVER 3 FT. LONG.

*An Illustration from a Monograph on the Trogonidae, or family of Trogons, by John Gould, published in London in 1838. Reproduced by Courtesy of the Zoological Society of London.*



ONE OF THE FIRST OF ITS KIND EVER TO BE REARED IN CAPTIVITY: A MALE QUETZAL IN ITS NATURAL COLOURS.

*After Photographs by Dr. V. Wolfgang von Hagen, Leader of the Honduras Expedition of the Museum of the American Indian. (Copyright Reserved.)*

WE now illustrate in its natural colours that remarkable bird, the Quetzal, to which four pages of photographs were devoted in our issue of December 4 last, with an article by Dr. Wolfgang von Hagen, the zoologist who secured the first living specimens for the Zoo, where it is hoped to exhibit them when they are acclimatised. "Rivalled only in beauty," wrote Dr. von Hagen, "by some birds of the East, the Quetzal (pronounced 'Ket-zal') is intimately associated with the Aztec god, Quetzalcoatl, the Plumed Serpent, Culture-Hero of ancient Mexico, and thereby with the conquest of the Mexicans by the Spaniards. Myths connected with the bird are legion; the most persistent being that it cannot live in captivity. Yet at the Zoo in Regent's Park are six of these birds, fledglings of the Quetzal. . . . Its life-history was thoroughly investigated during our expedition to Honduras, resulting in the capture, and, for the first time in its history, the development in captivity of the royal bird of the Aztecs. . . . The male has a curious upstanding green crest, red breast, and yellow beak and claws. The body is of a peculiar metallic green. Small green coverts overlap the dark wings. The great tail terminates in two long green caudal plumes. From this small bird hang those long plumes, over 38 in. in length, which trail behind it in its flight. The female, as was to be expected, is less resplendent than the great-tailed male, but her more sombre colours of olive green, carmine, and grey are in themselves superbly beautiful."



(Right) A MALE QUETZAL WITH ITS CURIOUS CREST SURROUNDING THE EYE.





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C.F.H.



# PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE THIS WEEK: HONOURS AND PERSONALITIES.



**MR. KENNETH CLARK.**

New Knight. The Director of the National Gallery. Took the initiative in the recent purchase of the much-discussed "Giorgione" panels. Surveyor of the King's pictures. *Press Portrait Bureau.*



**MR. E. W. MEYERSTEIN.**

New Knight. Honoured in recognition of his benefactions to hospital and health services, having given over £250,000 to Middlesex Hospital. High Sheriff of Kent. *Lafayette.*



**DR. BARRIE LAMBERT.**

New D.B.E. Decorated for political and public services in London. Miss Lambert is a Justice of the Peace, a Bachelor of Medicine and of Surgery, and a holder of the Diploma of Public Health. *[Barratt.]*



**PROFESSOR G. A. CALLENDER.**

New Knight. The first Director of the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, which was opened by their Majesties this summer. Knighted for services relating to the institution of the Museum.



**MR. H. A. GWYNNE.**

New Companion of Honour. Was Editor of the "Morning Post" until lately. He was famous as a war correspondent. Became foreign Director of Reuter's Agency in 1904. *Elliott and Fry.*



**SIR FRANCIS GANZONI, M.P.: A NEW BARON.**

The New Year's Honours List mentioned six new Peerages, including the promotion of Lord Nuffield to a Viscount, in recognition of his great benefactions to Oxford University and a number of hospitals. We give portraits here of four of the five new Barons. The fifth is Sir Henry Lopes, Chairman of the Devon County Council, whose honour is for public services. Sir John C. Ganzoni is Conservative M.P. for Ipswich. His elevation necessitates a by-election. Sir Leonard Brassey



**SIR LEONARD BRASSEY: A NEW BARON.**



**SIR WILLIAM BIRDWOOD: A NEW BARON.**

is now, for a third term, Steward of the Jockey Club. Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood was, of course, the commander of the Anzac Corps during the war. Sir Percival Perry, head of the Ford motor business in Britain, and on the Continent, is an author, as well as (in the words of Mr. Henry Ford) "the ablest industrial organiser in England." During the war he filled important posts at the Food Ministry and the Ministry of Munitions, and was President of the Motor Trade Association.



**SIR PERCIVAL PERRY: A NEW BARON.**



**MR. E. R. SHEEPSHANKS.** Reuter's special correspondent on the Aragon front. Was mortally wounded at the battle of Teruel by a shell which burst in front of the car in which he was travelling on December 31. Aged twenty-seven. Was a first-rate cricketer. *[L.N.A.]*



**SIR A. CADOGAN.**

Sir Alexander Cadogan has been appointed Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in succession to Sir Robert Vansittart. He has been Deputy Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs since 1936. Was formerly Minister at Peking. *Art-Photo.*



**A MARRIAGE TO WHICH KING GEORGE VI. GAVE HIS FORMAL ASSENT: PRINCESS FREDERIKA OF HANOVER AND CROWN PRINCE PAUL OF GREECE.**

The marriage of Princess Frederika of Hanover, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Brunswick, to Crown Prince Paul of Greece, brother and heir presumptive to the King of Greece, is arranged for to-morrow, January 9, in Athens. As Princess Frederika is a descendant of King George II., it was necessary, because of the Royal Marriage Act of 1772, for King George VI. to hold a Privy Council, at which he gave his formal assent. *[Associated Press.]*



**PROFESSOR L. N. G. FILON.**

Goldsmid Professor of Mathematics in the University of London. Died December 29; aged sixty-two. Had been Director of the University Observatory; Dean of the Faculty of Science; Chairman of the Academic Council; and Vice-Chancellor of the University. *[E. and F.]*



**MRS. D. HUMPHREYS.**

Well-known novelist under her pen-name "Rita." A contemporary of Marie Corelli. Died January 3. Her first novel was published in 1886. One, "Souls," ran into eleven editions. Two years ago published her own "Recollections of a Literary Life." *[Bertram Park.]*



**SIR ROBERT VANSITTART, G.C.B.**

New G.C.B., and appointed to the newly created post of Chief Diplomatic Adviser, to be responsible directly to the Secretary of State. Will advise him upon all major questions of policy concerning foreign affairs when required, and will represent the Foreign Office on any occasions, at home and abroad, when instructed to do so. *[E. and F.]*



**MOHAMED PASHA MAHMUD.**

Called to office as the new Prime Minister of Egypt by King Faruk on December 30. Became Prime Minister for the first time in 1928. Was educated in England. Began his career as a Wafdist; eventually adopted moderate Liberal views. The Anglo-Egyptian Treaty was negotiated during his first term of office. *[Central Press.]*



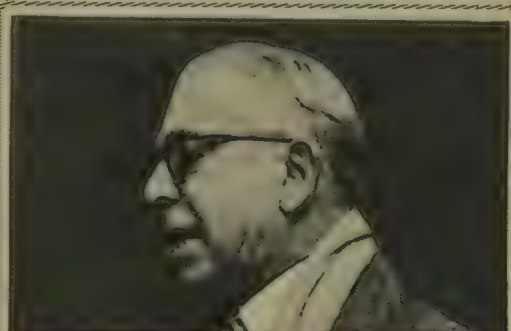
**THE YOUNG MONARCH WHOSE ACTION HAS EFFECTED A CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT IN EGYPT: KING FARUK WITH NAHAS PASHA, THE EX-PREMIER, ON HIS LEFT.**

On December 30, King Faruk, by royal rescript, dismissed Nahas Pasha from his post as Prime Minister, and summoned in his place Mahmud Pasha, an ex-Premier, to form a new Government. King Faruk, who was born on February 11, 1920, succeeded his father, the late King Fuad, in April 1936. Nahas Pasha became leader of the Wafd Party in 1927; and Premier, for the first time, in 1928. After three months, he was dismissed by King Fuad. He returned to power in 1930 and again in 1936.



**SIR ALEXANDER MAXWELL, K.B.E.**

Appointed to succeed Sir Russell Scott as Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, as from January 25. Has been Deputy Under-Secretary of State, Home Office, since 1932, before which he had been Assistant Secretary, since 1924. Between 1928 and 1932 was Chairman of the Prison Commission for England and Wales. *[E. and F.]*



**M. OCTAVIAN GOGA.**

Invited to form a Cabinet by King Carol on December 28, following the resignation of the Tatarescu Government. Is joint-leader, with Professor Cuza, of the National Christian Party, which leans towards Fascism and anti-Semitism. A former Minister of the Interior. The "Poet Laureate" of Rumania. *[Associated Press.]*



## A SECOND "ALCAZAR" OF THE SPANISH CIVIL WHERE A GOVERNMENT SUCCESS WAS COUNTERED BY

## WAR: THE FIERCE "KEY" BATTLE FOR TERUEL, A NATIONALIST OFFENSIVE TO RELIEVE THE GARRISON.



AFTER GOVERNMENT TROOPS HAD ENTERED TERUEL: A BANNER ERECTED ACROSS A STREET AND INSCRIBED: "THE PEOPLE OF MADRID SALUTE THE HEROIC PEOPLE OF CAPTURED TERUEL."



TERUEL, THE CAPITAL OF THE PROVINCE OF THAT NAME: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE OLD AND PICTURESQUE CITY, SO NAMED BY THE MOORS FROM A STATUE OF A BULL FOUND THERE WHEN THEY CAPTURED IT.



AN INCIDENT DURING THE EXODUS OF TERUEL CIVILIANS, OF WHOM 10,000 WERE EVACUATED FROM A POPULATION OF 13,000: WOMEN LOADED WITH BAGGAGE PASSING GOVERNMENT TROOPS ARRIVING.



AFTER AN AIR RAID AT TERUEL, WHERE NATIONALIST AEROPLANES MADE MANY BOMBING ATTACKS AND WERE PURSUED BY GOVERNMENT CHASERS: AMBULANCE MEN REMOVING A CASUALTY.



THE "MECHANISED" ELEMENT IN THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR, USED ON BOTH SIDES: TANKS OF THE GOVERNMENT FORCES IN A TERUEL STREET AFTER THEY HAD OCCUPIED THE CITY.



ONE OF THE NATIONALIST BUILDINGS IN TERUEL CAPTURED BY THE GOVERNMENT FORCES, WHILE OTHERS CONTINUED TO HOLD OUT: THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE PHALANGIST ORGANISATION.

General Franco's most advanced eastward position. Government troops entered it on December 21, but the garrison still held several buildings, and a great Nationalist effort was made for their relief. Writing from Teruel on December 30, a "Daily Telegraph and Morning Post" correspondent said: "This is the ninth day of the attack on the buildings in Nationalist hands and the second day of the fierce offensive made by General Franco. He obviously wishes to repeat the feat of relieving the Alcazar of Toledo. The battle now raging appears to be one of the biggest fought yet in the war. . . .



IN THE GOVERNMENT TRENCHES DURING THE LONG STRUGGLE WITH THE NATIONALISTS FOR THE POSSESSION OF TERUEL: SOLDIERS BEHIND AN EARTHWORK, ONE OF THEM SEEN FIRING A MACHINE-GUN.—[Wide World]



THE COMMANDER OF THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT FORCES IN THE TERUEL OPERATIONS: GENERAL ROJO (ON THE LEFT) ENGAGED IN A DISCUSSION WITH OTHER OFFICERS. *Planet News.*



SHOWING SIGNS OF HARDSHIPS ENDURED BY BOTH SIDES FROM THE BITTER WEATHER: NATIONALIST PRISONERS AT TERUEL—SOME OF THE 3,000 REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN CAPTURED BY THE GOVERNMENT FORCES.—[Wide World]

With the Teruel offensive the war in Spain has taken on a new phase." On January 2 the same writer stated: "Nationalist troops to-day fought their way into the northern outskirts of Teruel. They have established contact with the garrison of 3,000 which has been holding out. The joining-up . . . is hailed throughout Nationalist Spain as an auspicious New Year's victory." A Barcelona message, however, said: "The insurgents have not penetrated into the town itself, now held by the Government for 12 days. The town is deserted, 10,000 of the 13,000 inhabitants having been evacuated." During the battle occurred severe snowstorms. On January 4 it was



THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION, DATING FROM THE FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES: ONE OF THE CHIEF ARCHITECTURAL FEATURES OF TERUEL, WHICH IS THE SEAT OF A BISHOPRIC.



ONE OF THE EARLIEST BUILDINGS IN THE OLD PART OF TERUEL, ON THE TOP OF THE HILL ON WHICH THE CITY STANDS: A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY TOWER IN THE CALLE DEL SALVADOR.

reported that only one building in Teruel remained in Nationalist hands, but a Nationalist communiqué stated: "In the Teruel sector operations are being brilliantly pursued." General Franco recently declared: "The chain of victories of the year now ended has been clasped with the Teruel brooch."

At the moment of writing the struggle for Teruel—one of the big spectacular events of the Spanish Civil War, has not reached a definite conclusion; the news is very conflicting and indicates the swaying fortunes of the battle. . . . Teruel is the "key" town on the Aragon front 60 miles north of Valencia, and



# The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

## ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE NEW YEAR.

IT would have been pleasant to set the departing year marching out to the tune of "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit-bag," and to have relied on the advice being carried out to the letter. But the kit-bag has become frayed with much usage and could not be expected to carry its heavy burden into limbo without permitting a portion of its pack to escape through its rents. Faced with the litter left in the wake of 1937, the best we can do is to pin our hopes to the efficacy of 1938's new brooms. Let us, however—and for the moment I would confine our magnanimity to the world of the kinema—be fair to the year to which we have given the *coup de grâce*. If it has left us with unsolved difficulties in our home studios and certain cycles that threaten to develop beyond the strength of their pristine freshness, it has also left an appreciable number of young stars whose future work will be interesting to watch, and new avenues which can and should be further explored. Dealing with a form of entertainment which has always balanced its shortcomings with its youthful capacity for springing surprises, it is difficult—indeed, little short of impossible—to play the prophet. One may hazard a guess or two; one may, of course, easily anticipate the further invasion of colour films (with London Films' "The Divorce of Lady X" and "The Drum" in the van), but the closest observation of the currents cannot reveal just when public taste and studio policy will divert them overnight into other channels. It is perhaps more useful to decide what we expect of the young year's new brooms. For my part, I would like them to sweep away the crazy comedy before it gets unbearably lunatic, and the films that resolve themselves into a series of ever more strident vaudeville turns. I would like them to sweep our British pictures as a whole into a swifter tempo and our potential stars into greater prominence, before we lose them to Hollywood. I would welcome a widening of the pioneer path cut through the obstacles of language by the genius of M. Sacha Guitry in films that carry their action into several different countries, and I would rejoice to find the brooms at work on the annals of our own great pioneers of industry, medicine, science, and every kind of national service. From the dust of neglect treasures would emerge rich in drama and in biographical interest. The source from which Hollywood drew inspiration for such films as "Florence Nightingale" and last year's "Lloyd's of London," far from being exhausted, has scarcely been tapped by British filmmakers.

Two American pictures, so recent as to have crossed the threshold of the new year, clearly indicate a continued interest in stories based on actuality. Neither of them will rank amongst the masterpieces of the next twelve months, but in both cases the facts of a colourful era provide a firm foundation for fiction. "Wells Fargo," a Paramount production presented at the Carlton, is a large and leisurely story of the birth and growth of the pony express that owed its inception to the enterprise of the partners, Wells and Fargo, and gradually expanded from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts of America. Closely related to "The Covered Wagon" and kindred "epics," its tale of the perils encountered by an intrepid express-rider who refuses to be deflected from his duty by the menace of Red Indians, floods, uncharted wastes or wifely tears, has neither the concentrated action nor the sustained speed of the Westerner. But it punctuates its chronicle with exciting episodes and the very individual, effortless comedy of Mr. Bob Burns, whilst Mr. Joel McCrea and the lovely Miss Frances Dee decorate the theme with romance and throw into the dramatic scales the added conflict of love and duty. It is, however, the background of history, the Mexican and Civil Wars, the gold rush and the momentous arrival of the first telegraph station, that enables the picture to stretch its fictional fabric across a span of years without losing its grip, albeit the director, Mr. Frank Lloyd, might with advantage have accelerated the pace at times.



"THE DIVORCE OF LADY X," AT THE ODEON, LEICESTER SQUARE: LOGAN (LAURENCE OLIVIER) WITH LESLIE (MERLE OBERON), WHO IS FORCED TO SLEEP IN HIS SITTING-ROOM AS THERE IS NO OTHER ACCOMMODATION IN THE HOTEL IN WHICH SHE IS STRANDED.

"The Divorce of Lady X," which it was arranged to present at the Odeon on January 6, is founded on the stage play "Counsel's Opinion." Merle Oberon plays Leslie Steele, and Laurence Olivier is the young barrister.



"WELLS FARGO," AT THE CARLTON THEATRE: RAMSAY MACKAY (JOEL MCCREA) WITH JUSTINE PRYOR (FRANCES DEE), WHOM HE MARRIES, AND THEN LEAVES AFTER A MISUNDERSTANDING.

"Wells Fargo" tells the story of American transportation between the years 1844 and 1869, when the pony express gave way to communication by telegraph and rail. Joel McCrea plays the part of one of the adventurous young pioneers.



"WELLS FARGO": RAMSAY MACKAY (JOEL MCCREA) MEETS HIS WIFE, JUSTINE (FRANCES DEE), AGAIN AFTER HE HAS BECOME FAMOUS, AND THEY ARE RECONCILED.



"STAGE DOOR," AT THE REGAL: JEAN MAITLAND (GINGER ROGERS), A RESOURCEFUL SHOW-GIRL RELYING ON HER OWN TALENTS TO OBTAIN SUCCESS, WITH TERRY RANDALL (KATHARINE HEPBURN), A SOCIETY GIRL WHO WOOS SUCCESS WITH HER WEALTH.

"Stage Door" concerns the aspirations and vicissitudes of some twenty show-girls in a theatrical boarding-house. Ginger Rogers and Katharine Hepburn play contrasting types in search of success.

"The Toast of New York," that came to the London Pavilion as a holiday offering, shows no lack of pace in its vivid reconstruction of the rise and fall of an ambitious financier. It traces the spectacular career of Jim Fisk, whose plan for money-making lifted him from the humble though lucrative business of selling soap to gullible yokels to the peaks of high finance. Fisk, the successful competitor of Daniel Drew and Cornelius Vanderbilt, crafty, genial and ready to ride out any storm, is brought to life by Mr. Edward Arnold in all his splendour, his generosity and his unscrupulousness. With his hearty laugh, his boyish glee in a piece of successful trickery, and his devotion to the pretty young actress for whose sake he tried to corner the gold in the States and put a bullet through his heart when he failed, he is not only a picturesque figure, but a completely credible character, despite his fantastic finance. Whether a play that demands an interest in stocks, shares, and financial jugglery has a strong appeal to our public is doubtful, but "The Toast of New York," admirably directed by Mr. Rowland V. Lee, is a well-constructed picture, driven along at a tempo attuned to the *panache* of its central figure, flaring up into the frenzy of a panic on Wall Street in a strongly-handled crowd scene. Here, again, an echo of actuality lends such authority to the voice of fiction that one is encouraged to perceive in the coincidental arrival of these two films at least one shape of things to come.

Signs and portents indicate a continuance of the ever-green "back-stage" romance. The first of the new year's crop from this particular field is "Stage Door," at the Regal, though Miss Edna Ferber's and Mr. George Kaufman's successful play, of which the picture is an adaptation, does not rely on elaborate stage shows and extends the entrance to the theatre, heavily barred to struggling young aspirants, to the precincts of a shabby genteel theatrical boarding-house. Somewhat in the nature of an "omnibus story," the tragi-comedy touches on the separate ambitions, temperaments, fortunes and misfortunes of a group of girls gathered together beneath the probably leaking roof of the self-styled "club." From out the background of general clamour three characters detach themselves—a tap-dancer with a bitter wit and a shrewd estimate of her chances; a wealthy and inexperienced newcomer whose supreme self-confidence has never been shaken until the fate of the third girl, driven by defeat to suicide, cracks the ice of assurance and inspires an emotional performance that carries the amateur to histrionic heights at a sensational first night. The climax is sentimental and the sudden transformation of an apparently untalented neophyte into a finished actress more than a little dubious, but it rounds off a picture that is illuminated by shrewd observation and flashes of genuine humour.

The major part of the action takes place in the boarding-house, where the piece is pitched in the modern key of extremely naturalistic hubbub. However, interludes in the office and luxury flat of an amorously-inclined impresario, admirably played by Mr. Adolphe Menjou, and verbal duels between Miss Katharine Hepburn and Miss Ginger Rogers, balance the concerted numbers in the dingy drawing-room.

The teaming-up of two such dissimilar personalities as those of Miss Hepburn and Miss Rogers is in itself interesting, albeit in their battle of wits their parts are closely related. Miss Hepburn gets her chance of plumbing emotional depths in her brief stage scene, and does it beautifully, whilst Miss Rogers reveals in a straight part, with the minimum of dancing, a cool and curiously restrained method that is immensely effective. As a "back-stage" play with a decided difference, this picture, cleverly directed by Mr. Gregory La Cava, provides a happy variant that may set the wheels of a cycle running in new directions.



# The Spirit of the Spey



# GILBEY'S





# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM the turmoil and clamour of our modern world it is restful, once in a while, to wander back into the quiet ages of the past, stilled by "the unimaginable touch of time," but recalled to a semblance of life by the magic wand of archaeology. There is ample room for this kind of spiritual recreation in two monumental volumes—weighty alike in learning and in avoirdupois—entitled "PROSYMNA." The Helladic Settlement Preceding the Argive Heraeum. By Carl W. Blegen, Ph.D., Professor of Classical Archaeology and Fellow of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences in the University of Cincinnati. With a chapter on the Jewellery and Ornaments by Elizabeth Pierce Blegen, Ph.D., 8 Colour Plates, and (in Vol. II.) 731 Monochrome Illustrations and 52 Plans of Cemeteries and Tombs. Edition limited to 350 copies (Cambridge University Press: 2 Vols.; £7 7s. net). This magnificent work forms a worthy record of a great archaeological enterprise, carried on at the Argive Heraeum by the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, and reflects the highest credit on American scholarship, happily allied with English academic publishing.

Faced with such a *magnum opus*, the light-armed reviewer feels slightly baffled, as might an Argive archer sent to attack the walls of Troy with bow and arrow. It is intended for experts rather than the general reader, for the author makes no concessions to popular ignorance, in the shape, say, of a table of dates indicating the various Helladic periods, or a map to show Prosymna's geographical position. On the latter point I happen to be informed through articles on the Heraeum published in *The Illustrated London News*. Regarding chronology I was rather at sea until I struck a passage that led me to cry "A date! A date!", as Xenophon's soldiers cried "Thalatta! Thalatta!" on beholding the Euxine. In this passage (on page 261) Professor Blegen writes: "The latest ceramic remains in the whole series . . . must date from one of the closing phases of the Third Late Helladic Period. The cemetery thus, in round numbers, had a history extending through some 400 years from about 1600 B.C. to 1200 B.C. The only object definitely datable through foreign analogies was the Egyptian scarab from Tomb XIV., which may be attributed to the reign of Queen Hatshepsut, not much later than 1500 B.C."

Summing up the general results attained by several years of research, Professor Blegen says: "Our three campaigns of excavation about the Heraeum have certainly not exhausted the possibilities of the site. . . . But we feel that the real object of the new excavations has been attained. The traces brought to light . . . of occupation in the Neolithic Age, the remains . . . of a settlement certainly inhabited from beginning to end of the Bronze Age, the Middle Helladic cemeteries with their 31 shaft-graves, the Late Helladic necropolis with its 52 chamber-tombs, have shed a great deal of light on the history of the site before classical times and have made it abundantly clear that 'Prosymna' was once a flourishing community, worthy to hold a significant place among the Mycenaean city-states of Argolis."

One sentence in Professor Blegen's account of working conditions on the site contains a delightful blend of antiquity and modernity. "The members of the staff," he writes, "lived at the inn at Mycenae, 'The Fair Helen of Menelaus,' and a Ford car was usually available for the daily journey to the Heraeum and back." There are also interesting descriptions of his local Greek workmen. Regarding the prehistoric inhabitants, he says: "That the population of the mainland in Mycenaean times was organised into a system of tribes, as in Greek states of the historical period, is by no means impossible. There can be no serious doubt that an Aryan people, almost certainly speaking some form of Greek, was already established in continental Hellas even before the sixteenth century [B.C.]."

Of the vast quantity of objects found in the tombs at Prosymna—pottery, terracottas, bronzes, jewellery, and ornaments—so lavishly illustrated in the second volume, it is quite impossible to speak here in detail. Suffice it to say that they are of abounding interest, and represent a great contribution to archaeological knowledge. The tombs were not those of kings or nobles, but of "ordinary citizens . . . farmers or artisans." The mode of interment was in some respects a little unfeeling. Thus, Professor Blegen writes: "The cists offered one means for the disposal of the remains which had from time to time to be removed to clear a space on the floor of the chamber. Another even simpler method was illustrated in almost all the tombs. This consisted merely in sweeping up the remains into a heap. . . . The actual physical remains of the dead were held in little respect. . . . It was clearly the custom to lay out the corpse on the floor of the tomb, surrounded by a few possessions and provisions. When

the time came for another burial, the first occupant, except in the larger tombs, had to be brushed out of the way to make room for his successor!"

We now come to a time and place in which floors associated with religious rites were treated with greater reverence, as recorded in a beautiful book emanating from the home of a rival University—"MEDIEVAL ENGLISH PAVING-TILES." By Loyd Haberly. Illustrated by the Author with many examples. Edition of 425 copies, of which 400 are for sale (Oxford: Printed at the Shakespeare Head Press, Saint Aldates, and Published by Basil Blackwell; £4 4s.). This exquisitely produced work on a fascinating but not over-explored branch of ecclesiastical art bears the following dedication: "To John Manners Duke of



THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW CONSTITUTION IN THE IRISH FREE STATE, WHICH HAS ASSUMED THE NAME OF "EIRE": A VOTIVE MASS IN THE PRO-CATHEDRAL AT DUBLIN, ATTENDED BY MR. DE VALERA (IN FRONT ON THE LEFT) AND HIS MINISTERS.

Graphic Photo. Union.



THE HEAD OF THE EIRE GOVERNMENT: MR. DE VALERA TAKING THE SALUTE AS HE LEFT GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS IN DUBLIN TO DRIVE TO THE PRO-CATHEDRAL ON THE INAUGURAL DAY OF THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

The new Constitution of the Irish Free State—now to be known as Eire—came into force on December 29. No public celebrations took place, but Mr. De Valera drove from Government Buildings in Dublin, with an escort of mounted infantry, to the Pro-Cathedral, where he and his Ministers attended a votive Mass, while a salute of 21 guns was fired at the Royal Hospital at Kilmainham. The Presidential Commission (to function pending the election of a President) held its first meeting in Dublin Castle. The British Government issued a statement announcing that they were prepared, in common with the Dominions, to treat the new Constitution as not fundamentally altering the position of the State as a member of the British Commonwealth, but they could not recognise that the adoption of the name "Eire," or "Ireland," affects the position of Northern Ireland as an integral part of the United Kingdom.—[Keystone.]

Rutland, who could have written a better book, I dedicate this one, which owes much to his help and hospitality." The author wears his "weight of learning lightly like a flower," and, while showing much erudition, both on aesthetic and technical matters, reveals himself also as a man of humour.

Although in a mainly Oxonian in its topographical scope, the book has also a significance for Londoners. "The best introduction to the following pages," Mr. Haberly says in his preface, "would be a visit to the Westminster Abbey Chapter-house, still floored with a rich but slightly renewed tile pavement of the mid-thirteenth century. This pavement was preserved from wear and destruction by a wooden floor laid above it. Soft-soled rubber goloshes are now wisely fitted to the feet of visitors, though I understand that the Abbey authorities originally objected to this precaution as savouring of Islam. The upper rooms in the muniment tower of New College, Oxford, are paved with patterned tiles as old as the college. . . . Paving-tiles of mediæval date may be seen in the churches of most counties. . . . During the past year I have, in a pleasant pilgrimage of nearly a thousand miles, visited the 260-odd churches and chapels within fifteen miles of the centre of Oxford, and carefully drawn every mediæval tile-pattern remaining in their floors. All these designs are pictured in this book."

My own perusal of his work produced one of those curious little coincidences in which, after coming across something—a word or a name or what not—hitherto unfamiliar, one meets it again in different circumstances soon afterwards. Among the gifts I received at Christmas was a little volume of selections from the poems of Andrew Marvell, including "The Nymph Complaining for the Death of Her Fawn." I may have read that poem before, but it came freshly, and now I find Mr. Haberly writing: "I have seen a large plain tile, printed with the slot of a deer and the tread of a seventeenth-century lady's small shoe; a memento perhaps of Marvell's little friend and her ill-fated fawn."

The book closes with a charming epilogue on "this ancient unvaunted art," with a dark hint about air raids. "We have created a winged destroyer and wait now on its will. While we wait, Time ticks on with slow-destroying strokes. Happily the Phoenix is the symbol of all true arts, and when the last grey Church and Cathedral is blown or decayed to dust these buried squares of patterned clay will wake like wintered seeds to flower again in new forests of fancy."

Spanish ecclesiastical architecture, as well as the civic and domestic varieties, has been subjected for a year and more to the attentions of "the winged destroyer," but I do not know how far it may have imperilled the towers described in "THE SALMANTINE LANTERNS." Their Origins and Development. By Carl Kenneth Hersey. With 86 Illustrations (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, \$7.50; Oxford University Press and Humphrey Milford; 31s. 6d.). The only lantern tower which I remember seeing is that of Ely Cathedral (a painting whereof hangs on the wall opposite me as I write), and I notice an allusion to it on the opening page of this book. The principal example treated by Mr. Hersey is the lantern tower on the Cathedral of Zamora, which, as he says, "inspired such adaptations as occur at Salamanca, Toro, and Plasencia." The Salamanca Tower is the Torre del Gallo of the Old Cathedral in the city now associated with General Franco's régime. To students of Church architecture, I feel sure, Mr. Hersey's book will make a strong appeal. Summarising its scope, he says: "The four great lantern domes customarily termed the Salmantine lanterns . . . comprise one of the major manifestations of the Muslim factor in Spanish Christian architecture. . . . The mystery of their abrupt appearance in a limited region of Spain is one of the dramatic episodes in architectural history."

Reverting for a moment in conclusion to classical antiquity, I must mention briefly two other books of unusual interest. We are all fond of money, and so, doubtless, were our forefathers, some sixteen to nineteen centuries ago, who may have been familiar with the forms thereof described in "COINAGE AND CURRENCY IN ROMAN BRITAIN." By C. H. V. Sutherland, Assistant Keeper of Coins in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. Illustrated (Oxford University Press and Humphrey Milford; 10s. 6d.).

For the general reader, a beguiling introduction to the mythology of ancient Greece, as expressed in sculpture and ceramics, as well as in literature, is provided in "PERSEUS." A Study in Greek Art and Legend. By Jocelyn M. Woodward. With 33 Illustrations (Cambridge University Press; 10s. 6d.). The author suggests analogy between Greek polytheism and mediæval hagiology. "A Greek would have been puzzled and indignant to know that, while we studied his verbs with reverence, his cherished legends were ignored or remembered only as lovely fairy-tales for children. All over the country were shrines of heroes and heroines, who filled a part like that filled by saints of the Christian Church." Perseus might be called the Greek prototype of St. George.—C. E. B.



# This England . . .



*The Suffolk Wold—between Lavenham and Bury St. Edmunds*

SINCE we cannot see forward (and remember but a little way back) we must not be too ready to resent all change. This wide-skied Suffolk with its endless fields of wind-rippled grain was once more famous as a dairy county; until the wars begotten of the French Revolution put grain to such a price that much of its broad pasture was ploughed up. And bitter then was the outcry against it. Yet under the shifts and changes of the centuries our England remains stable in its good. That now fine barley should come from Suffolk and this great beer from Burton (Worthington its name) is of little matter—so that we have them for our comfort still!





## FINANCE AND INVESTMENT.

By HARTLEY WITHERS.

## THE CITY AND THE PUBLIC.

PERHAPS it is just as well that the City should have started on this new year in a suspicious and sceptical spirit, but it has, surely, been inclined to exaggerate its mood of extreme caution. A veteran broker told me the other day that in his opinion all good stockbrokers ought to be taking a holiday, and ought to continue to do so until it became more possible to see one's way. Well, he may be right; but if that is the best that the intelligentsia of the City can do for its clients, it is simply asking for the establishment of that Public Investment Board, desired by Socialists, which is intended to take charge of the public's money and invest it in socially beneficial directions. This feeling of dismal apprehension, about nobody quite knows what, so commonly prevalent in financial circles, is in marked contrast with the cheery confidence of the general public, which has been celebrating the turn of the year with hearty gusto. Some of the West-End shops that handle objects of luxury are said to have done less trade than a year ago; but even the luxurious spenders—the people who are supposed to have been hardest hit by the slumps of 1937—seem to have plenty of shot left in the locker. It was lately stated that the bookings for sunshine tours and for winter sports were well ahead of those of last season. And the public, as a whole, as was shown by bumper railway traffic receipts and a record turnover of currency, has proved by its heartiness in Christmas-time expenditure that it has no apprehensions about the duration of such prosperity as it is at present enjoying. Which is going to prove to be right—the gloomy City or the carefree public? Unfortunately, before we can answer this question with any confidence, we want to know what is going to happen in America.

## THE STOCK EXCHANGE BAROMETER.

First of all, however, let us clear our minds of that delusion, so commonly assumed as a fact by writers in the Press, that the movements of the stock markets are a trustworthy barometer, showing the future course of trade and business. This theory, of which, by the way, one only hears in times of depression, when the "dismal Jimmies" are on the look-out for indications of bad trade, is flatly belied by the facts of experience. If it were true, the American boom of 1924 to 1928 would have been the herald

of the greatest period of prosperity that the United States has ever enjoyed. Whereas in fact it preceded the worst depression that that versatile country has ever inflicted on itself and on the rest of the world. It was not foretelling prosperity—quite the contrary. All that it was doing was to register the effect on security prices of the general belief current in the United States that the prosperity which was then being enjoyed was going to continue, which was just what it was not going to do. On a smaller scale, we can record a similar example of stock market misapprehension in our own country. At the beginning of 1935, it looked for a time as if the stability of the National Government was threatened. There was something like a Tory revolt about official policy in India, and a by-election at Wavertree gave inopportune evidence of the extent of dissension; and at the same time a revolt against new regulations concerning the Means Test gave a useful handle to the Opposition. The stock markets, also depressed by difficulties and disclosures connected with a "pepper crisis," marked their sense of the unpleasant possibilities involved by a change of Government with a reaction in security prices, which ought, if the theory of the Stock Exchange as a trustworthy barometer had any truth in it, to have been the signal of approaching trade reaction. In fact, as we all know, trade went on improving steadily for more than two years, and the so-called barometer had to pull itself together and follow the course of trade.

## STRIKE IN AMERICA.

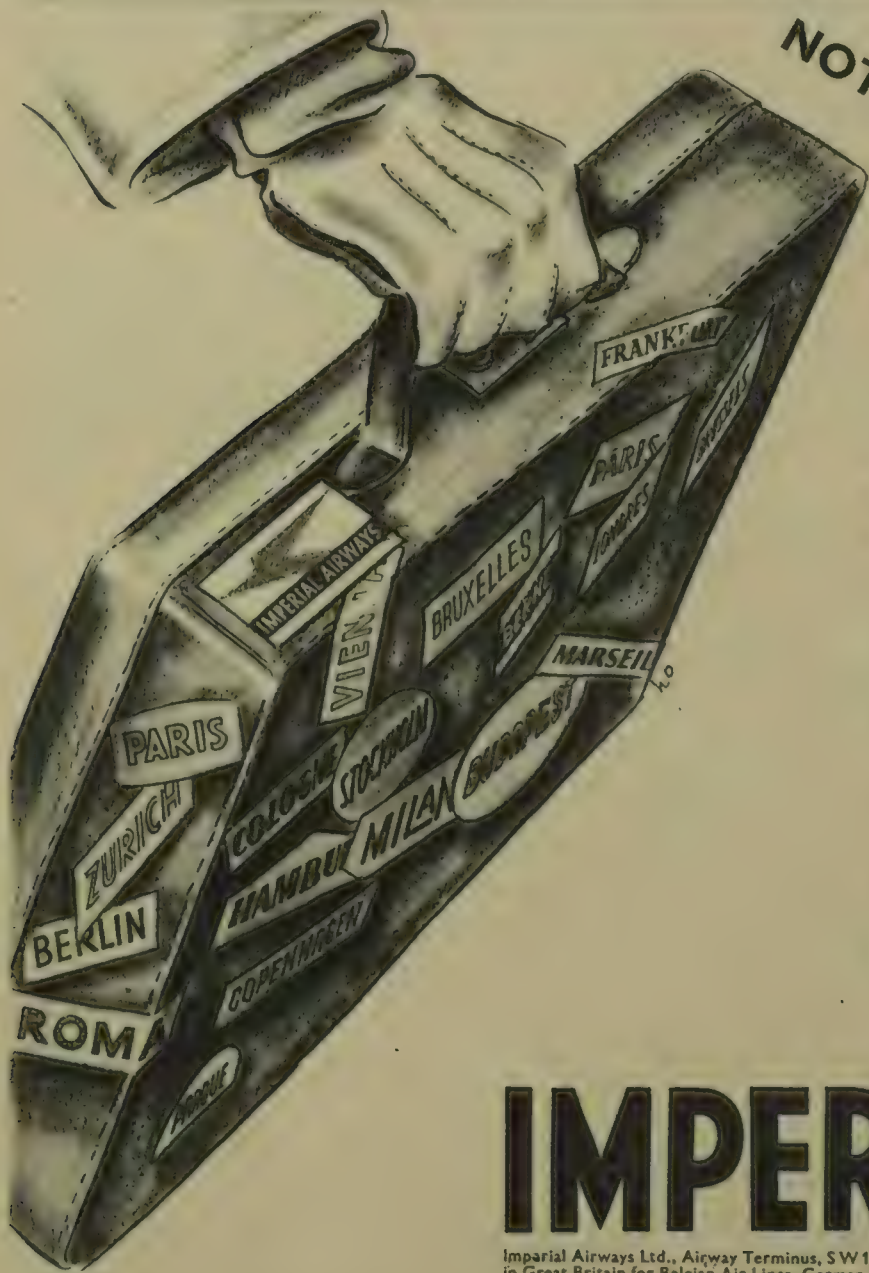
From these examples it follows that we need not be unduly depressed by the recent behaviour of the stock markets, or infer from them that they are any correct indication of declining trade. The awkward fact, however, that cannot be ignored when we look ahead at the prospects of the year which has just begun, is the very definite extent of trade recession that has already shown itself in America. There the Government sought to stimulate recovery by lavish outpouring of purchasing power to the consumers, without having taken measures to promote activity in the industries which supply capital goods. In fact, by the regulations that it imposed on the Stock Exchange, it prevented these industries from being supplied with fresh capital; and, at the same time, by ill-considered fiscal regulations, it prevented them from saving the capital required out of their own resources. Then, when it had a cold fit about the distribution of purchasing power to consumers and tried to turn off the tap, it found that consumption

was inevitably reduced and all the symptoms of depression began to show themselves. Being thus obliged to admit the existence of depression, which was in fact a condemnation of the policy that it had pursued, it has lately tried to throw the blame for this reaction on the shoulders of the business organisers, and a bitter quarrel has been the consequence, with both sides accusing one another of being the villain of the piece.

## HOME PROSPECTS.

All this concerns British investors very closely, because American demand for the principal commodities and metals is so important that if it slackens seriously—as it must if this miserable quarrel continues—the primary producers, our customers all over the world, will have less to spend, and the growth of our export trade will be checked. But when we remember how keen the whole American population is on the pursuit of wealth, it seems most unlikely that it will allow a quite unnecessary dispute about the origin of depression to cause its continuance. An immense amount of work, including a very costly building programme, is waiting to be done on the other side of the Atlantic; and it may fairly be hoped that before many months are over, America will once more be busily engaged in improving its housing and equipment, to the benefit of international trade, and so of British industry. As far as the home market is concerned, we know that our armament programme will keep most of our important industries employed for a long time to come. Materials are now cheap and abundant, money is plentiful, and the relations between employers and employed are marked by a reasonable spirit. The European war-mongers have shown a much more peaceable disposition since we have put ourselves into a more formidable state of defensive power, and France has once more shown that she can rally her forces against the threat of social disturbance. Altogether, though there are plenty of difficulties ahead, investors need not be discouraged by the dismal sentiment of the City.

On page 29 of our issue dated Jan. 1 we published a photograph of one of the pictures included in the Exhibition of Seventeenth-Century Art in Europe at the Royal Academy. Owing to misinformation, this was described as "The Marriage of the Artist," by Teniers. Actually, it was "A Concert," by Hendrick Ter Brugghen (1588-1629), which has been lent to the Exhibition by Lord Somers.



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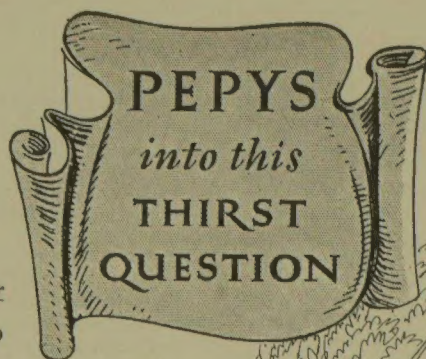
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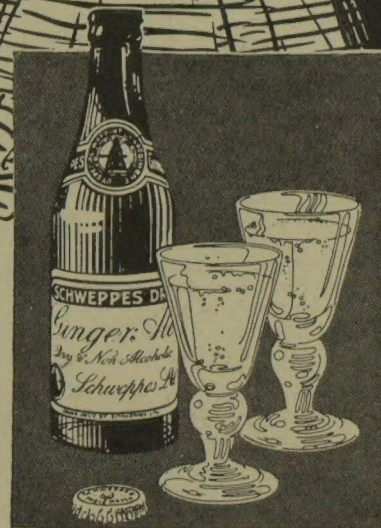


**JAN. 2<sup>ND</sup>** I and my wife to church. A poor sermon from Mr. Holmes during the which I fell to wondering whether to buy myself a motor-carriage; which my wife presses me to do, but she hath as little knowledge of the costliness of motor carriages as I of their wheels and screws and inward pipes. Coming home we met Mr. Bullen, wearied out with hurried walking. And, I inviting him back with us, we set before him a sparkling great glass of Schweppes Ginger Ale and Scottish Whisky. And the refreshment of that notable drink did so calm and cheer him that he fell to a rambling long discourse. So that we were hard put to it to be rid of him before he had swallowed all our stock of Schweppes (which, it being the Lord's Day, we could not replenish)!



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## Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

TO read a new novel by Naomi Royde Smith is always an adventure: her invention is apparently inexhaustible, and her insight into human motives profound. "For Us in the Dark" is a modern variant of the legend of the pure in heart, whom the world and the devil assail in vain. The creation of character in it is a triumph—and there are very many diverse characters linked together by the tragedy of Francie Trehick, which moves from stuffy suburban interiors to a smart beauty parlour with a furtive backstair, and on to a ramshackle castle squatting like a toad under the Cornish moors. The people who sacrifice Francie to their own ends were not all insensate. There was true if imaginative affection in her "Daddy" and the governess. Yet craft, cupidity, and maniacal cruelty lay in wait for her, and she who lived by the light within her perished because that light is unendurable to the brute in man.

She was the illegitimate child of a girl who appears and vanishes early in the book, secretly adopted at birth by Violet Comper, whose unsuspecting husband was at the war. It was necessary for the woman to produce a child if she and "Daddy" were to have the handling of a family fortune. Violet had no maternal instinct, but in her own interest she saw to it that Francie was well cared for, and she guarded her vigilantly, withholding experience and knowledge from her, until she married her at sixteen to the bestial Lord Trehick. There were stirrings of conscience in Mrs. Comper. They came to the surface disconcertingly at a meeting of the Oxford Group; but that emotional indiscretion was hushed up, and meanwhile Trehick had carried off his prey to Cornwall, where he and his horrible family closed in upon her. Francie found a rescuer who helped her to escape, but Trehick tracked her down. Her friends could not protect her; rather it was she whose spiritual integrity sheltered them. Of those who brought about her death the last word is spoken. "They killed her as boys would kill any strange and lovely bird that escaped in the streets." The dramatic incident and the rare portraiture of a being "of the stuff of angels" in this novel, establish it as the most impressive Miss Royde Smith has given us.

Vicki Baum's "A Tale from Bali" is, we believe, the first novel to be inspired by the history and traditions of that romantic island, and writing it has obviously been a labour of love. It is the epic story of the Balian men and women of a generation ago, who laboured and loved obscurely, whose superstitions were barbaric but whose ritual embraced dancing and laughter, whose heritage was beauty and life pacific, and who went massed, clothed in white and adorned with flowers, to their sacrificial death struggle with a Dutch army. It is an unusual theme for Miss Baum. She has developed it with a finely sympathetic appreciation of the real Bali, unknown to the tourist and tragically misunderstood by the Dutch administrators of the period.

"Pinkney's Garden" is another heroic narrative, set against the more familiar background of one of Neil Bell's little East Coast towns. Tom Pinkney and his wife Mary drew their livelihood from a market garden by the shore. Mr. Bell has done nothing better than this homely chronicle of independent, hard-working folk confronting the menace of the encroaching sea. Tom died untimely, and Mary and her children were reduced to poverty when, in a great gale, the garden was submerged. How she held out and how prosperity returned to her at last is the very human story of a plucky woman.

"Castle Bran" is a spirited excursion into an Anglo-Irish circle. Lady Tegart is quite as much at home in Ireland as she was in the Welsh Rectory of "Long Vacation." The Moores of Kildoran House are charming people to come across, and in particular Uncle Tim, the black sheep of the family, graced by a gift for light-heartedly appropriating other people's property that amounted to genius. His creator, we observe, is as much under his spell as anybody, since she endows him at the end with a nice girl and an undeserved windfall. His ingenious depredations and the delightful humour of the book are as good as the experiences of the Irish R.M.; and there can be no higher recommendation of "Castle Bran" than that.

Here are two books for the public that enjoys high adventure on the Indian frontier. Mr. A. E. W. Mason

has produced a beautiful little tale of a British drummer and a border princeling in "The Drum." It has the Mason touch, which sufficiently indicates its quality, and it is admirably illustrated. P. C. Wren's "Worth Wile" appears to be (though with Mr. Wren one never knows) the final instalment of Richard Wendover's history. This time he suffers captivity and torture in Tashkend. Ganesh Hazelbrigg plays a prominent part, and what one may call the curtain-raiser introduces a young flying officer who crashes to hair-raising hazards among the hostile tribesmen. Dauntless fighting men and secret service agents have the time of their lives in "Worth Wile" and you may count on a thrill in every chapter.

on the Zaharoff model. The biography of Ulysses Capalos starts from his infancy in the island of Cephalonia, where poverty, drought and stormy seas were his heritage. "The life of the Greek in his own land," we read, "is hard and thankless . . . so the best go away." Accordingly Ulysses, at an age when an English child would be beginning school, stowed away in a ship bound for Athens, picked up a precarious living on the quays as a shoeblack, reshipped to Alexandria, and there launched himself, through apprenticeship to a hashish purveyor, on the speculative career that was to carry him to success in an immense armament deal in the Great War. His first enterprise of moment was peddling liquor to the thirsty British troops in the Sudan, which entangled him in the fall of Khartoum and the service of the Khalifa, and brought him eventually to the notice of Kitchener the conqueror, who adopted him as his guide and adviser in Sudanese politics. Ulysses is an unscrupulous opportunist, and yet likeable; a benefactor to his oppressed countrymen and a man of breeding despite his commercial cunning.

The boundaries of M. Henri de Montherlant's "Pity for Women" are as rigid as those of Mr. Rodocanachi's adventurer are elastic. They enclose a famous novelist and his feminine fan-letter writers, who revolve round each other without ceasing, engrossed with the humiliations and disillusionments of love. "Woman is made for a man, man is made for life and, notably, for all women. . . . Thus we assist at the curious spectacle of beings who are pushed towards each other when they seem not made for each other." That is the mordant text M. de Montherlant elaborates exhaustively in "Pity for Women."

In "Taglioni's Grandson," by Peter Shirreff, the air is fresher; it blows across the track of a Russian racing stable and round the eager brain of the trainer who aspired to breed a peerless racehorse. The war found Oziop Loutshkin labouring to regenerate a neglected stud farm. The Revolution swept owners and dealers away, but Loutshkin's ambition was realised at long last. This book is one more demonstration of the talent of the post-Revolutionary authors, and as good a racing story as any lover of horseflesh could hope to meet. And more than that, for Shirreff, who died untimely, has left his mark on Russian literature. Whether he wrote of a man or a horse he was a humane and perceptive author, and "Taglioni's Grandson" is his masterpiece.

"In a Glass Prison," by Philip Masel, appears to be a first novel. Parts one and two contain a crime drama complete in itself, and are a clever, compelling piece of realism. The murderer's personality is sharply delineated, and the sleuthing and trial scene could not be bettered. It is when Mr. Masel goes on to his main subject, the tragedy of an innocent family suffering for their father's sin, that the narrative sags. The interest in the preceding chapters has been keyed too high to be sustained in what is, in effect, a sequel. The panorama of the city of Perth, Western Australia, and the close-up of an Australian community are good.

Touching straight detective fiction, G. D. H. and M. Cole have found their way to an imposing country house, and an ancient family, running to seed, but vigorous enough to produce a handsome mystery. The dominating old

lady in "The Missing Aunt" is a stimulating personage, and if it were not that her testamentary dispositions (or more accurately the lack of them) single her out for a violent end, her disappearance would be deeply deplored by the reader. It is advisable to study the Latchmere family tree to follow the ramifications of the plot, and keep the page on which it appears turned down. Superintendent Wilson was called in to investigate crime A, and before he had time to turn round he was confronted with crime B; which means, of course, that Mr. and Mrs. Cole are as lively as ever in their latest thriller. Walker Taylor might learn something to his advantage from their methods: his "Murder in the Suez Canal," though a distinct advance on "Murder in the Game Reserve," lacks the snappiness of a first-class crime story. What is really exciting in it is the surgical operation on Archibald Farrel, described in fascinating detail. The American sensation in Baynard H. Kendrick's "The Eleven of Diamonds" is terrifically complicated. It is not difficult to identify the murderer, but Mr. Kendrick covers his tracks too well for even the brightest intelligence to fathom how the deed was done.

### To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science.

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Three Continental novels are to hand this month: at least, one assumes C. P. Rodocanachi's "No Innocent Abroad" to be a translation. Here we have the modern Odysseus, whose destiny it is to be an international financier

#### BOOKS REVIEWED.

- For Us in the Dark. By Naomi Royde Smith. (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.)  
A Tale from Bali. By Vicki Baum. (Bles; 8s. 6d.)  
Pinkney's Garden. By Neil Bell. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)  
Castle Bran. By K. F. Tegart. (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.)  
The Drum. By A. E. W. Mason. (Hodder and Stoughton; 5s.)  
Worth Wile. By P. C. Wren. (Murray; 7s. 6d.)  
No Innocent Abroad. By C. P. Rodocanachi. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)  
Pity for Women. By Henri de Montherlant. (Routledge; 8s. 6d.)  
Taglioni's Grandson. By Peter Shirreff. (Putnam; 7s. 6d.)  
In a Glass Prison. By Philip Masel. (Nelson; 7s. 6d.)  
The Missing Aunt. By G. D. H. and M. Cole. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)  
Murder in the Suez Canal. By Walker Taylor. (Thornton Butterworth; 7s. 6d.)  
The Eleven of Diamonds. By Baynard H. Kendrick. (Methuen; 7s. 6d.)



## CONTINENTAL HOTELS

## AUSTRIA

**Semmering**—(3000 ft. a.s.l.) 1½ hours from Vienna. **Suedbahn Hotel**—The cntr. of Wntr. Sprts. Ptnrd. by H.R.H. The Duke of Windsor. Inside swm. pool.

## CZECHOSLOVAKIA

**Prague Metropol Hotel "Zlata Husa."** (Golden Goose)—Modern comfort, homelike, best food, centre of Eng.-speaking visitors and their friends.

## FRANCE

**Paris—Hotel Florida**—Delight. homely atmosphere. Pension terms from 10/6. R. from 4/-. 12 boul. Malesherbes (Madeleine). Tel. add. Florically

**Paris—Hotel Opal**—For Business or Pleasure. 19, rue Tronchet. Definitely central. Entirely renovated. Rooms from 8/-. English spoken.

**Agay (Nr. St. Raphael)—Hotel des Roches Rouges**—Facing sea. Large Park. Free bus service to Valescure Golf. Full pension terms fr. 11/- a day.

**Antibes.—Hotel du Cap D'Antibes**—Pavillon Eden Roc Unique situation between Cannes and Nice

**Beaulieu s/Mer—Bond's Hotel**—between Nice and Monte Carlo—Full south. Magnificent Garden. Rooms with bath. Suites Moderate Terms.

**Beaulieu s/Mer.**—Between Nice and Monte Carlo—**Bedford & Savoy Hotels**, 1st class. Full South—Sea—Tennis—Garage—Park.

**Cannes—Hotel des Anglais**—Highest class, quiet residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

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**Cannes—Hotel Regina**—A fmlly. Htl., cl. to sea & amusements. Opp. tenn. club; own pk., quiet. Evy. cmft., exclt. csne. & svce. Diet if reqd. Lift. Garages.

**Menton—Hotel des Anglais**—A famous English hotel on sea front. Sunny and quiet. Pryte beach, free gar. Trms. from 4 Gns. per wk. Arrngmnts. for long stay.

**Menton—Astoria Hotel**—First-class. 200 rooms. 100 baths. English society. Close sea. Casino, tennis, croquet. Service Flats. Inclusive from 60 f.

**Menton—Riviera Palace**—200 rooms. Full South—unrivalled views. Park 15 acres. Tennis. Garage.

**Menton—Hotel de Venise**—Leading in quality and comfort. Central and sunny. Beautiful park. Noted cuisine. Tariff on application.

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**Monte Carlo—The Mirabeau**—A home away from home. Unrivalled situation. F. Schipper.

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**Wiesbaden—Hotel Schwarzer Bock**—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medicinal Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Marks 9.

**Wiesbaden—Hotel Nassauer Hof**—World renowned. Finest pos. opposite Park and Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Patd. by best Brit. Soc. Pen. from 12 Mk.

## SWITZERLAND

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**Arosa—Sport Hotel Hof Maran**—300 feet above Arosa (6000 feet) every comfort. Concerts. Bar etc. T. Halder Man. Prop.

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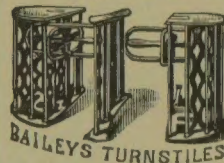
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"... and when she confronted her husband she thundered 'Do not flatter yourself with the hope of enjoying any other woman whilst I live.'"

## From "The Life of ÆSOP"

Written and Illustrated by  
**FORTUNINO MATANIA, R.I.**

"... had Xanthus' wife held a torch in her hands, she would have been the most perfect representation of the classical furies described by the ancient poets of the Greek mythology.

In she came, threatening to overthrow, to smash, to break, to destroy with her presence whatever strange female would ever dare to set foot in her house, and when she confronted her husband she thundered: 'Do not flatter yourself with the hope of enjoying any other woman whilst I live.' But not many words were necessary, and every preoccupation vanished in smoke, for Xanthus opened his arms and she fell in them, giving way to that delightful reaction of tenderness. The return home of the mistress of the house was reason in itself for festivities, and so the huge orders of food for the supposed marriage came in very handy.

Æsop had become an extremely important person and was already acting as major-domo. He was given a free hand in preparing a banquet exclusive for philosophers, colleagues of his master. He was told to arrange only for the most beautiful things to be served. To the astonishment of all, he served neat's tongues at every course, the only difference being in the preparation. Xanthus was furious and reproached him for such a meaningless joke, but Æsop justified himself by saying that the dinner was full of meaning; in fact, nothing could be more beautiful than tongue, the key that led humanity into all knowledge, and he asked: 'What could be more suitable for a philosophical banquet than a feast of tongues?'

They all agreed with Æsop, but Xanthus decided to give another banquet the next day, and this time Æsop was asked to leave the beautiful things alone and make a dinner composed of the worst things.

The next day, to the horror of every one, the banquet started again with tongue, tongue for the second course, and tongue for the third. Xanthus, unable to bear it any longer, lost his patience, caught hold of Æsop, and asked what he meant by considering tongue as the most beautiful thing one day and as the worst on the next day. Æsop implored his master to calm himself, adding that there was no wickedness under the sun where the tongue had not a big part in it. If murder, treason, violence, calumny and lies were debated, communicated, plotted, tongue played its diabolical part.

There were many episodes of this nature, ending always in Æsop's triumph. Often he succeeded in getting his master out of trouble even when the position seemed hopeless, as will be seen in the following incident: Xanthus was giving one of those huge banquets at which rivers of wine were flowing. These dinners were intended for colleague philosophers, mathematicians and learned men in general. But it seemed that a mixed element succeeded in gaining access, because someone, taking advantage of Xanthus having drunk too much, coaxed him into an absurd wager. Æsop, who never left his master, kept warning him. "... you must read the ending of this enthralling and interesting tale from 'The Life of Æsop' by F. MATANIA, R.I.

**FICTION, FASHION  
BETTER HOUSE-KEEPING  
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ALL ARE INCLUDED IN**



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"The next instant the emerald was in his hand and it was only with difficulty that Kip Rainer kept his fingers from shaking"

## "A Good Pair of Hands"

By EDWIN RUTT

"... 'It is beautiful, isn't it?' she'd said. 'Yes.' Kip's tone was careless. 'Do you mind if I look at it?'

It was the moment for which he had been living. Would she strip the ring from her finger and pass it across for his inspection? Or would she merely extend her hand in order that he might get a closer look? The gods alone knew. But he was prepared for the first fortuitous circumstance. Beneath the table his left hand was in the pocket of his white dinner jacket, the replica held tightly in the hollow of the palm. With his right hand he lifted his drink and finished it at a swallow. This, too, was necessary for his plan.

His amazing luck had held. Helena Starrett slipped the diamond guard-ring from her finger. The next instant the emerald was in his hand.

Only with difficulty had Kip Rainer kept his fingers from shaking. His heart, accustomed as it was to ticklish situations, had pounded violently. This was the biggest job he'd ever undertaken. It might even be his final coup. Small wonder that inwardly he had seethed in a lather of excitement. But on the surface he was calm. With the air of a connoisseur he had held the emerald to the light.

'Of course,' he'd said, slowly, 'I'm not an expert. But this seems a very wonderful stone. Worth a fortune, I suppose.'

Helena Starrett had smiled. 'A small one, perhaps.' Still keeping the ring between his fingers, Kip had signalled a waiter.

'Here, boy!' he had called, a little loudly. And his eyes had darted to Helena Starrett's face.

At his sharp command to the waiter she had half-turned her head in the direction of the dance floor. And when she made the movement, she provided Kip with the infinite small fraction of time upon which he had counted. His hands moved with the speed of light. "... This is a story you can't stop reading—" "A Good Pair of Hands" by Edwin Rutt

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